

GIFTS FOR FRIENDS IN BRITAIN

at Christmas and throughout the year

Egerton's International Gift Service

ESTABLISHED 1956



FRESH FLOWERS FOR CHRISTMAS

Gift boxes with foliage and despatched direct from the growers by first class mail.

GW1 Five Roses and Five Camassias £12.98
 GW2 Ten Frezieraia Camassias £16.25
 GW3 Ten Red Roses £16.25
 GW4 Twenty Frezieraia £17.78
 GW5 Thirty Camassias £17.78
 GW6 Camassias with Perfum £17.78
 Ten Camassias with a 14g spray bottle of 'Charme' Perfume £15.75

CHRISTMAS TABLE DECORATION

With polyester silk posies and artificial pine cones and holly.

GW7 Christmas Table Decoration £10.00

CHOCOLATES & CANDIES

GW8 400g Penous Venues Liqueur Chocolates £16.50
 GW9 250g Terry's 1987 Assortment £16.50
 A de luxe assortment of plain chocolates and flavoured chocolate bars.

GW10 1lb Terry's 1987 Assortment £16.50
 GW11 1lb Gullberg's Continental Chocolate £16.50
 Fine hand made chocolates with delicious continental cream.

GW12 1lb Gullberg's Old English Selection £11.45
 A rich assortment of hand-made chocolates created by a master confectioner.

GW13 400g Swiss Selection £13.50
 100g Chocolate Peppermint Creams, 200g Chocolate Mint Creams, 100g Chocolate Orange and 100g Original Sugared Almonds.

GW14 Quality Swiss £13.50
 50g assortment of milk and plain chocolates and toffees in a decorative tin.

GW15 400g Cherry Fudge £17.25
 A Scottish design.

CHRISTMAS CAKES & PUDDINGS

GW16 Personalised Christmas Cake £12.50
 120g loaf and decorated cake personalised with your own message on the cake top to live with.

GW17 Christmas Cake and Pudding £12.50
 A 120g loaf and decorated cake and a 130g traditional Christmas Pudding.

GW18 1lb 150g Christmas Plum Pudding £12.50
 400g Traditional Christmas Pudding, wrapped in cello with two red waxen pieces, 100g Brandy Butter, 500g Victoria Hamminess with Brandy, and 200g Cranberry Sauce with Port.

FRUIT

GW19 Variety Fruit Basket £13.00
 A superb selection of seasonal fruit: Pears, Oranges, Tangerines, Grapes, Clementines, Apples, Dates and Nuts (minimum weight 5kg).

GW20 Fruit and Christmas Cake Pack £16.00
 The Variety Fruit Basket above and a 900g loaf and decorated Christmas Cake.

GW21 Baked Fruit Basket £15.45
 A selection of 'Baked' fruit packed in a 16" Willow Basket. Pineapple, Mangoes, Papaya, Kiwi Fruit, Passion Fruit, Lychees, and other fruits.

GW22 1kg Glass Fruit £15.45
 Glass Apples, Oranges and Pineapple.

ENGLISH APPLES & PEARS

GW23 Cox's Orange Pippin Apples - 10lb £11.85
 GW24 Conference Pears - 10lb £12.80
 GW25 15lb Apples & Pears £12.50
 Selected Cox's Apples and Cox's Pears.

ENGLISH COUNTRY PRESERVES

GW26 Luxury Cresset Pack £18.50
 Two 340g jars of Strawberry with Cresset and a 340g jar of Raspberry with Cresset.

GW27 Ladies Special Selection £18.50
 A delightful selection of sweet preserves: 240g Honey with Dairy Cream, 350g Lemon Cheese and 340g English Raspberry Cresset.

GW28 Giftset Special Selection £18.50
 A selection of the most luxurious: 454g jar of Whole Green Pigeon with Brandy, 210g Hot Bengali Chutney and 340g Orange Marmalade with Whisky.

GW29 The Victorian Basket £12.50
 350g Peaches with Brandy, 210g Country Plum Chutney, 340g English Raspberry Cresset and 350g Lemon Cheese Preserved in a willow basket.

TEA-TIME FAVORITES

GW30 Traditional Pottery The Caddy £10.30
 In traditional Willow Pattern with 125g of English Breakfast tea.

GW31 The Three Biscuits £8.75
 1kg of assorted fine selection, shortbread and cream biscuits.

GW32 Victorian Biscuit Selection £8.75
 A selection of delicious hand-baked biscuits: 200g Wholemeal Biscuits, 200g Shortbread, 200g Sultana Cookies and 200g Citrus Biscuits.

GW33 16oz Fruit Cake £6.40
 Rich fruit cake, vacuum packed in an attractive tin.

POULTRY, MEAT AND FISH

GW34 Cooked Half York Ham (5-7lb) £27.25
 Traditional tender, marrow flavoured ham.

GW35 Breast of Pheasant £15.40
 GW36 1lb Scotch Smoked Salmon - Whole side £17.50
 GW37 1lb Scotch Smoked Salmon - Shred side £17.50

TO ORDER. Merely state gift number, recipients name and address, gift message, date for delivery and enclose your remittance. (During December the precise date for a delivery cannot be predicted and a parcel can be from 2 days up to 2 weeks and more in transit. It is therefore advisable to send your Christmas order to reach us by 1st December. At other times we arrange delivery as near as possible to your required date). There are no customs duty problems and no extra charges for the U.K. resident to bother about.

ALL ORDERS ARE PROMPTLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY RETURN AIRMAIL ('All-up' letter post to Europe).

PRICES are quoted in £ sterling and include delivery to addresses in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

PLEASE ORDER EARLY
Especially for Christmas

GIFTS WITH A PERSONAL TOUCH

Each catalogue will hand describe the name of your choice on each bottle.

GW40 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £17.95
 GW41 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £17.95
 GW42 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £17.95
 Personalised Almondella Sherry with Cocktail Brandy and After Dinner Chocolate.

GW43 Champagne and Pate £19.95
 Personalised Vintage Champagne and three jars of superb French Pate.

GW44 Port and Glasses £23.50
 Personalised Label Bottled 1979 Vintage Port and two Royal Bravery hand-cut crystal Port Glasses. Presentation boxed.

OTHER WINES AND SPIRITS

GW45 Craft Original - pale cream Sherry £6.00
 GW46 Black Whisky £13.28
 GW47 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £13.28
 GW48 Highland Malt Collection £19.80
 A collection of 12 Single Malt Whiskies, Twelve 50ml bottles, presentation boxed.

GW49 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
 A collection of 12 Single Malt Whiskies, Twelve 50ml bottles, presentation boxed.

GW50 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
 A collection of 12 Single Malt Whiskies, Twelve 50ml bottles, presentation boxed.

GW51 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
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GW52 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
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GIFTS WITH WINE

GW56 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
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GW65 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
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LEATHER GLOVES

GW66 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
 A collection of 12 Single Malt Whiskies, Twelve 50ml bottles, presentation boxed.

GIFTS FOR MEN

GW67 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
 A collection of 12 Single Malt Whiskies, Twelve 50ml bottles, presentation boxed.

GW68 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
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GW100 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
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GAMES & CHILDREN'S TOYS

GW101 12 Year Old Scotch Whisky £19.80
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MISCELLANY

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PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE & PACKING TO U.K. ADDRESSES. SEND YOUR ORDER AND REMITTANCE TO EGERTONS LTD., P.O. BOX 5, PERSHORE, WORCS, UNITED KINGDOM, WR10 2LR.

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THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY

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Terrorist bomb wave hits Paris

The fifth terrorist operation in 12 days in Paris killed one person and injured 51 on Monday. An Arab group demanding the release of Georges Ibrahim Abdalla, gaoled in France for possessing arms and wanted in Italy for terrorist involvement, claimed responsibility for all the attacks. France is introducing visa requirements for all visitors except those from the EEC and Switzerland, and the Prime Minister, Mr Chirac, has promised "draconian reprisals" against terrorists.

The French defence

THE countries of Europe have endured two terrible decades of terrorism. Britain, with the IRA. Italy, with the Red Brigades. Germany, with the Baader-Meinhof gang. Spain, with Basque separatists. During those years, Prime Ministers - like Olaf Palme - have died; or, like Margaret Thatcher - escaped by the skin of their teeth. The threat to civilised democratic values has surfaced continually, and been resisted only with the greatest difficulty. Even so, over those decades, it is hard to recall a terrorist campaign which, by its momentum, has posed the threat that Lebanese groups have killed three and injured nearly two hundred over the last eight months show every sign of being the most professional terrorists in European history. When the Government reacts, as it did on Sunday, introducing a wave of emergency powers, the killers reply instantly by exploding yet another bomb in Paris police headquarters. And eight months into the campaign, there are still no clues, still no arrests. Paris, bombed four times in a week, clearly feels itself vulnerable and bemused. That is the situation all terrorists lust after. If there is vulnerability, there is also the beginning of panic.

Mr Jacques Chirac thus faces the sternest of personal tests (with a variable overtone of political calculation sounding at his back). On Sunday he seemed to have judged matters fairly shrewdly. The world would be vigilant and troops on the streets, and through visas - the tightest defence of its frontiers that France could contrive. He was reacting, but he was not panicking. Monday's fresh explosion, however, turns up the

heat, and France, together with all its European friends, would do well to pause and draw breath. One Chirac measure - the State's new ability to deport any unwelcome foreigner without evidence or right of judicial review - was already (even in present, miserable circumstances) at the margin of democratic behaviour. Beyond that, in the Prime Minister's "draconian" bag of policies, lies the kind of covert activity that scarred French society in the heat of the Algerian war. Mr Chirac witnesses his immigration policies, and his early steps to reinforce the power of the police) is no great civil libertarian. Yet he must make the most critical decisions to safeguard French liberties from the debasement that terrorists seek.

That will be an awesomely taxing job. Ireland, gradually, insidiously, has chipped at the standards of British democracy. In France such standards are historically frail in any case. At a time it is vital that all of Europe realises that it has a stake here. A continent cannot hermetically seal its borders. But it can, however reluctantly, move towards stronger, consolidated steps against terrorism. In particular, it can ensure that a suspected terrorist deported from one nation of Europe cannot find easy shelter in another. Such

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Not so 'fail-safe'

The Secretary of the Electric Power Engineers Association reported claiming to an IAEA Conference that reactors are "fail-safe". The reactor operators can't control the reactor (Candu) the same hand with British reactors on the other.

When a pressure tube of a Candu reactor fails — as they have — it does so slowly over a period of hours or even days, which is very long by comparison with the time required to operate the reactor controls. The reactor operators have plenty of warning.

If the pressure vessel of a British reactor were to fail, it would do so rapidly. It would go ping. The period of failure would be a fraction of a second, much less than

High-altitude hypoxia

We have read recently of people who climb high mountains without a source of oxygen. Insufficient oxygen and extreme cold are two important hazards encountered in the Himalayas. The brain is sensitive to insufficient oxygen (hypoxia) and can easily be permanently damaged. In contrast, a very low body temperature (hypothermia) can actually protect the subject against hypoxia.

A situation where hypoxia is possible and well known to cause permanent brain damage is that encountered by an infant (however husky) during a prolonged and difficult labor. The phrase "Mount Everest in utero" has been used by physiologists.

Is it really sporting to struggle valiantly against hypoxia? The Oxford English Dictionary defines a sport as a "pleasant pastime" and the Random House Dictionary as "an athletic activity requiring skill or physical prowess". Train-

Tied up in knots

I agreed with most of what your reviewer, Christopher Hitchins, had to say about Baden-Powell and the Scout movement. However, I must take exception to his final paragraph.

Mr Hitchins can tie sheepshanks in his sleep until he snores, he'll never join two ropes of different

to operate the pressure-vessel failure. The

Pressure Vessel Inspection and Validation Centre precisely because a pressure vessel of the type proposed for Sizewell B could well go ping if not constructed with great care and to a higher standard than we are accustomed to.

I am at a loss to see how the failure of a PWR pressure vessel is safer than the failure of a Candu pressure tube. I am equally at a loss to see how the rapid failure of any pressure vessel can be described as "fail-safe."

R. V. Heeketh, Lower Stone, Gloucestershire.

Experts seem to have returned from the IAEA conference with the optimistic view that the benefits of atomic energy outweigh the dangers after all, and that the thing

ing can only raise the tolerated degree of oxygen deficiency very slightly, and does so by increasing the number of red cells in the blood. Even people who have grown up at high altitudes, and have unusually efficient breathing capacities, cannot escape the damage of hypoxic blood.

If one accepts all this, then one must believe that struggling into rarified air without a supply of oxygen is not a sport but an effort to defy nature with a crude experiment in physiology, the results of which are already well known, and likely to be sad.

Richard L. Day, MD, Lakewood Terrace, Westbrook Ct.

1. West 35. Do climb as extreme altitude cause brain damage? The Lancet, Aug. 10, 1980, page 307.
2. Gerson W. Review of Medical Physiology, 3rd Edition, 1987, page 187. Pub. by Lange Medical Publications, Los Angeles, Calif.
3. Davies G. Food and Medical Physiology, Year Book of Year Book Publishers, 1982, page 31. Year Book Medical Publishers, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago.

sizes with it. The knot that he's searching through his boyhood dreams for is the sheet band, also known in Yorkshire and Lancashire mills as the weaver's knot.

M. Neil Copeland, PO Box 99, Armadale, Nova Scotia.

THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY

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will become safer as we learn from accidents. The same has been true of the automobile, and our society has become irrevocably geared to it despite a huge toll of road accidents and massive pollution. The consequences of getting "hooked" to atomic energy may be more far-reaching.

R. Belz, Hilversum, Holland.

Hypocrisy and the monster we have created

Your correspondents are jumping all over Brian Thomas (Letters, August 10) for allegedly theorising that the Greenpeace photographer's death in Auckland last July was his own fault or caused by harbour authorities' negligence. He didn't. He ironised broadly about the very selective emphasis of a Le Monde reporter's article which left precisely that impression — that the poor chap unfortunately did himself in. Thomas just kicked the door in and let the implicitly bitter parody run free.

The review of the book "Inquest into three state secrets" (Le Monde section, September 7) stating that everybody who was anybody in France except Prime Minister Fabius (but including President Mitterrand) knew in advance about the attack and lied about it afterwards, along with the novel by the previous head of France's secret services on a recent television interview that those services had been behind numerous Greenpeace tribulations anywhere from the bowels of the engine room to the bowels of the crew, leaves us with an image of malign monkeying and paranoid vengefulness mind-bogglingly at odds with the dignified, solemn honour at the base of the glorie of this patria, which is the compulsively polished image presented for consumption at home as well as abroad.

All major nations seem enamored in such deceit and hypocrisy, forced continually to feed and placate the insatiable monster they have created — the "noble" image of the nation. Greenpeace and kindred groupings represent a very different way of being and of doing. It is a far, far better one.

Michael Randolph, St Paul Cap de Joux, France.

blow was deliberate.

I was winning the ball in the line-out, so the Ebbw Vale forwards who had a plan for every eventuality, thought they'd put an end to that. One put my head in an arm-lock and the other knocked my teeth out the next time I caught the ball. It was beautifully and swiftly executed; caught me a bit by surprise in fact. However I carried on playing. Ebbw Vale won the match.

At the end of it all, I asked myself why in God's name these boisterous boys didn't listen more to the preachings of their local MP, Michael Foot, on the need to distribute the milk of human kindness more widely. It was a silly thought because I'd forgotten that rugby is a religion in Wales.

So the Pontypridd steward is right. He's got nothing to do with dirty play.

Brian Sedgemore, MP, (Lab, Hackney S and Shoreditch), House of Commons.

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Role of violence in Rosa's revolution

Derek Malcolm (September 7) is quite right to say that "No film in London at the moment has more serious intent or raises more important questions" than does Margarethe von Trotta's Rosa Luxemburg.

So it is unfortunate that his short review of this excellent film contains two major errors which will mislead readers.

He claims that Karl Liebknecht, who was murdered on the same night as her in January 1919, was "her lover." This just is not true. They were both murdered because they worked closely together in opposing the First World War and in calling for revolution after it.

He refers to Rosa as a "pacifist." This too is misleading. She was a vehement opponent of imperialist war and hated any sort of bloodshed. But she was also a major Marxist thinker who insisted that war is a product of the division of society into classes.

Her most ambitious work, The Accumulation of Capital, set out to explain in this way the drive to war that ultimately led to World War One. Her conclusion was that the horror of war could not be ended without the forcible overthrow of existing society.

Such reasoning meant she was not an opponent of all violence. In Warsaw in the revolutionary winter of 1905-06 she argued that the next step in the fight against Tsarism required socialists to "arm the most advanced workers" and to

Look, no feet

In Moscow in April I paid £1.65 for a ticket to see the Bolshoi Ballet, struggled through a crowd of Muscovites asking for tickets, bought my programme for 25p, and watched "Giselle" from the top tier of the beautiful Bolshoi theatre. From this bird's-eye view the tops of the dancers' heads were in view, but I could see the whole of the performance and the orchestra.

In Manchester in August I paid £32 for a ticket to see the Bolshoi Ballet, struggled through a crowd of Mancunians, all protesting, bought a programme for £3 and watched "Divertissement" from the front row of the stalls of the Palace theatre. From this view virtually under the stage, the feet of the dancers were seldom visible and only half the stage could be seen.

D. J. Stewart, Willmow, Cheshire.

More than mere boisterousness?

I was surprised to read (September 7) that a steward at Pontypridd Rugby Football Club could sum up a case of knocking someone unconscious on the rugby field with the macho statement: "These boys are boisterous, but they are not dirty players."

One might deduce from this comment that punching people in the face in Welsh rugby is a commonplace, so what the hell!

I hesitate as a mere Englishman to intervene in a debate that concerns the giants of the principality and only do so because I can speak with personal authority. Some years ago when playing for Esher RFC against Ebbw Vale, I had two teeth knocked out. The

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THE GUARDIAN, September 21, 1988

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Markets recovering their nerve

WALL STREET rallied on Monday amid reassuring noises from administration officials who said that there was now hope that Japan and West Germany would reduce their interest rates. London share prices also recovered strongly after the rout at the end of last week, which was almost entirely a response to what was going on in the US. By the close Wall Street showed a rise of 8.88 points at 1787.57.

In the aftermath of last week's huge losses, dealers had regained confidence over the weekend and the balance of opinion as the London markets opened appeared

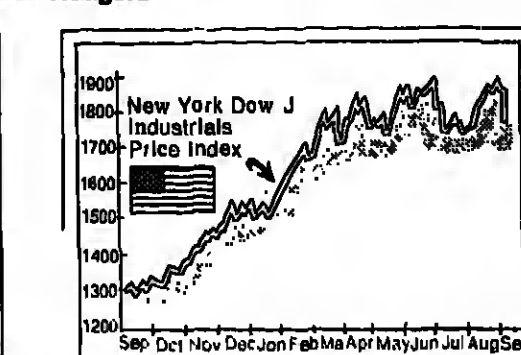
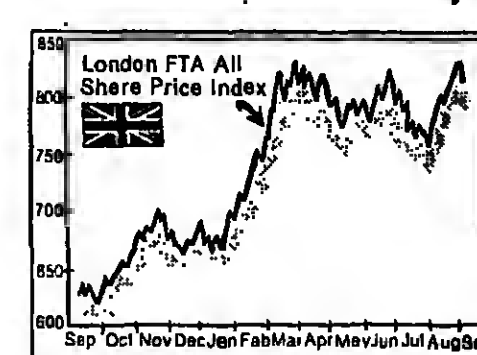
By our Financial Staff

to be that the collapse had gone far enough.

It had started on the Thursday with the Dow Jones dropping 88.62 points to 1792.89, the biggest absolute fall in financial history. In percentage terms, however, the fall was the third largest drop since records have been kept, at 4.9 per cent off the 12.8 per cent fall as the great crash began on October 28, 1929. Small investors joined the professionals on the Friday. At the close then the Dow Jones was 84.17 points down at 1758.72.

Why good news worries Wall Street

By Peter Rodgers



NOT long ago a prominent headline in the Financial Times said, "Rise in new jobs damps Wall Street." It was a very accurate description of what had gone on in the New York markets the night before and not a case of thick-skinned editing.

A rise in employment means that the economy is recovering. This reduces the pressure on the US Federal Reserve to cut interest rates, which it would normally do if it wanted to stimulate activity and produce more jobs.

But if interest rates are no longer expected to fall, and even worse if there is a prospect that they may rise in order to prevent too rapid a recovery of the economy, then bond prices automatically fall. Their prices are inversely linked to the cost of money.

Share prices also tend to fall in these circumstances because of the short-term effect of higher interest rates on profits. So inside the market it is perfectly natural to worry about rising employment because it will cost investors money.

Only the narrowest professional dealer could miss the irony of a headline which proclaimed as bad news something which in the world outside the markets is regarded as wonderful.

The news of more growth ought to be good for companies and on the face of it should have the opposite effect. But the processes at work are never easy to pin down: somewhere lurking in the market psychology are a raft of fears about higher inflation, the trade and budget deficits, and the value of the dollar, which particularly affects foreign investors who now play a big part on Wall Street.

So investors seize on one aspect of the news, higher interest rates, and somehow that focuses out all their lurking pernoles so that they sell like mad. In other circumstances, if for example the market has seen but not really understood or assimilated a series of good news items, those same indications of better growth could have exactly the opposite effect, and trigger a rise in the stock market.

Where Wall Street is concerned, new technical developments have made it even more difficult to pin down the precise reasons for sudden market movements. One theory going round last week was that attempts to curb the increasing

popularity of program trading — in which buy and sell orders are automatically triggered by computer programs, which react to market indicators — had made the fall far worse than it should have been.

Program trading is regarded as bad because it makes the instincts of Wall Street even more hard-like and chaotic. The Securities and Exchange Commission recently introduced new timing rules to curb it but the program trigger points may have been brought forward to last week to avoid the SEC's restrictions.

But program trading only exaggerates what is happening already. It is crystal clear from the graphs that Wall Street, as well as the London stock market which it closely influences, has lost the panache it displayed during the boom earlier in the year. Since then there has been a series of shake-outs when prices have dropped very sharply in both markets but recovered again, to stumble on through the summer across an uneven plateau.

Sitting in New York or London, analysts and investors can count more negative signs than the positive ones such as the encouraging US figures for housing starts. There was the resurgence in gold and platinum prices a few weeks ago, a classic sign of inflationary fears. There are rises in commodity prices, including oil, which also make higher inflation likely.

There is the much touted possibility that the dollar, which recovered slightly because of higher interest rates, could collapse again, a fear stoked up by the serious disagreement between the US administration and Germany over Japan over their refusal to lower interest rates and reflate their economies to take the pressure off America.

There is also a very strong feeling that, even before the latest modest indication that economic performance is not quite as bad as it looks, the Federal Reserve has gone as far as it dared in priming the pump with lower interest rates, and may even have overdone it.

What it adds up to is a hot-potch of good and bad which leaves no room for optimism and suggests that the balance of probability is that share prices will turn downwards. But it has not yet turned

Minister quizzed on banning Star Wars book

A BOOK critical of the progress of British nuclear weapons research has been abruptly withdrawn by the publisher, and ministers have been asked to explain whether the decision was a result of pressure from the Government.

The book — Star Wars, a Question of Initiative — was to have been launched this week by John Wiley, a specialist computer publishing house based in Chichester, Sussex.

The author, Mr Richard Ennals, described it as a celestial enquirer.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Starting Rates September 16	Previous Closing Rates
Australia	2.3722-2.3794	2.3890-2.3935
Austria	21.32-21.35	21.37-21.41
Belgium	82.45-82.48	82.01-82.15
Canada	2.0031-2.0059	2.0043-2.0075
Denmark	11.49-11.51	11.52-11.54
France	9.92-9.93	9.93-9.96
Germany	3.004-3.030	3.03-3.04
Hong Kong	11.81-11.82	11.82-11.84
India	1.1021-1.1041	1.1028-1.1076
Italy	2.001-2.007	2.004-2.103
Japan	229.55-230.85	228.95-229.86
Netherlands	3.425-3.426	3.425-3.43
Norway	10.84-10.85	10.84-10.86
Portugal	215.78-217.41	216.10-220.80
Spain	168.89-169.17	168.08-200.00
Sweden	10.24-10.25	10.22-10.24
Switzerland	2.481-2.484	2.48-2.47
USA	1.4815-1.4825	1.4750-1.4785
ECU	1.4450-1.4465	1.4408-1.4485

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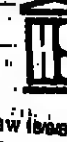
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The unexpected wildlife in London

By Ralph Whitlock

"THE autumn migration is starting," a colleague observed to me on a day in August. "This morning I saw the first wheatears on the downs."

My mind needed a little adjusting to this statement of fact, for when I served my apprenticeship in bird-watching there were wheatears on the downs all through the summer. Dozens of them nested in the innumerable rabbit-holes.

That same week I met a photographer looking for chalkhill blue butterflies and feeling very pleased at having at last located a colony. Had it been in the 1930s he would not have had far to search. I remember that as the binder circled the barley-fields on our downlands farm the air would be alive with blue butterflies — chalkhill and adonis blues as well as the common and small blues. But the downs where these and so many other creatures flourished have been ploughed, and the wheatears no longer nest there, while the chalkhill blues are confined to a few colonies.

The picture, however, is not one of unrelieved gloom, as I was reminded the other day by a new book, *Wild in London* (published this autumn by Michael Joseph at £8.95). David Goode, the author, is Head of the London Ecology Unit, so he could hardly be more knowledgeable on his subject. My own introduction to the natural history of London was the splendid and comprehensive volume, *London's Natural History*, which an old colleague of mine, Richard Pitter, prepared for publication in 1945. So it is highly instructive to learn what has been happening in the metropolis during the past forty

years. And not in London alone, for similar patterns can probably be traced in most large cities. The parallels with events in the countryside, too, are easy to trace.

For me the most interesting chapter is the final one, on the theme of *Losses and Gains*. And how encouraging to see that the author needs only three pages to cover the losses but 23 to deal with the gains.

Leaving aside the species, such as the raven, red kite, polecat, and pine marten, which disappeared from London centuries ago, the author pinpoints the rock as one bird which has failed to adapt itself to urban life. Early this century rocks were nesting a hundred yards from Marble Arch, but they are too dependent on "farmland for food and now there are no rockeries in central London."

It is a very long time since a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square, or anywhere near it, though in the 1940s it was still common in the outer environs, as, for instance, Richmond, Norwood, and Epping, and just over a hundred years ago Richard Jefferies enjoyed listening to nightingales in Surbiton.

The disappearance of otters, red-backed shrikes and wrynecks are part of a nationwide decline, the reasons for which are still controversial. In my father's day — nearly a hundred years ago — the red-backed shrike was common enough in rural Wiltshire to have a vernacular name — "High mountain sparrow" — but I have not seen the bird for many years.

On the credit side of London's wildlife balance sheet crows, magpies, jays and starlings feature

prominently. Starlings roosting on tall buildings in central London are such a well-known feature of the city that it is surprising to be reminded that the habit has developed only within the past hundred years. W. H. Hudson noted its beginnings in the autumns of 1896 and 1897.

The familiar gulls, too, first became regular winter visitors only a hundred years ago, and W. H. Hudson again observed that a severe winter (1887/1888) was largely responsible for their venturing so far up-river. A recent count of gulls in mid-winter 1983 in the London area resulted in a total of over 290,000, of which 75% were black-headed gulls. Over the past twenty or thirty years, however, herring gulls have moved in and are now nesting regularly on rooftops in Whitehall and Westminster.

When for a few years in the late 1980s I lived in London I saw kestrels regularly in Marylebone Road and Portland Place, and I knew the location of several nests on ledges of tall buildings. David Goode says there are now more than 100 pairs nesting every year within Greater London. In the 1890s W. H. Hudson was extremely pessimistic about the kestrel ever returning to London, from which it had been banished by persecution.

Of smaller birds the blackbird has, as elsewhere, become thoroughly adapted to urban life, as have hedge-sparrows (dunlocks), blue tits, great tits and greenfinches, though chaffinches seem to have declined. The increase in greenfinches is a phenomenon noticeable in almost

every town and village.

Pied wagtails, which are intelligent birds (have you ever seen a pied wagtail as a road casualty? I never have), have been quick to appreciate the advantage of cities as warm winter roosts. They now have well established roosts in plane trees, holly bushes, laurels and ash trees in the very heart of the City. The author provides an excellent picture of wagtails roosting in a small maple tree in a shopping precinct and records that no fewer than 3,025 were counted, on a date in November 1978, going in to roost in the Civic Hall in Orpington.

David Goode naturally has much to say about urban foxes and badgers, and he notes, too, that collared doves, black redstarts and little ringed plovers have colonised the capital during the present century. What is more surprising is to find a page or so devoted to the ring-necked parakeet. "In the late 1960s," he writes, "people suddenly became aware of wild parakeets in a number of London suburbs." Now apparently they are widespread and well established as a breeding species. Out of the breeding season they collect in flocks for foraging and roosting. Obviously they originated from birds escaped from aviaries. Another unexpected colonist is the Mandarin duck, which is nesting in the wild along many of London's tributary rivers and is gradually edging its way deeper and deeper into London.

The message is encouraging. Clearly an increasing number of wild creatures is finding urban life not only supportable but even attractive, thanks to more tolerant attitudes by humans.

L. P. Samuels

A COUNTRY DIARY

CHESHIRE: On the Common, the beeches are in full bloom, the rowans are hung with great swags of scarlet fruit. The long spell of damp weather has brought out scores of toadstools of many kinds, including tawny grisettes, yellow-capped russulas, claret-capped russulas, and a very large, funnel-shaped, long-stemmed, clypeate fly agaric. More attractive than these, however, were the numerous fly agarics with their scarlet caps flecked with white, the toadstools so beloved by the illustrators of fairy tales. A roadside tree-stump was completely covered by a huge colony of fan-shaped griffins comprising scores of overlapping individuals. Their short stems were so tough that a penknife was necessary to detach one of them.

Foxes continue to venture into populated areas. Recently a friend disturbed an adult specimen in his allotment close to the town centre. The animal became stuck in a narrow opening in the fence and before he could do anything, his dog leapt upon the fox, seized it by the back of its neck and killed it with one savage shake. The dog is a beautiful and gentle creature, a doberman-retriever cross. It had never been known to kill anything before.

The fauna and flora of insecticides is a fascinating subject, so I was most interested to hear from a reader of a charm of goldfinches in the trees of a little garden and a pair of carrion crows on the top of a bank building in central Manchester.

L. P. Samuels

Keeping the Alliance together

SOCIAL Democrats went some way at their annual conference this week towards smoothing out the differences between themselves and their Alliance partners, the Liberals, on the thorny subject of nuclear defence, which suggests an awareness by both parties that this year's conference could well be the last before a general election.

The Social Democrats, led — and largely dominated — by the former Labour Foreign Secretary, Dr David Owen, have always been in favour of an independent British nuclear deterrent and, therefore, of replacing the ageing Polaris submarine fleet. Liberals, with far more unilateralist members, want nothing to do with British nuclear weaponry even though their leader, Mr David Steel, favours a more compromising attitude in the interest of Alliance unity.

The youthful SDP, however, is growing up and learning that conferences can be stage managed. Some clever management this week ensured majority support for an Alliance commission report which simply leaves open the question of replacing Polaris pending a detailed policy agreement with the Liberals before the general election campaign.

It was not entirely to the liking of the SDP's defence spokesman, Mr John Cartwright, who did not want the question left open. "If we are seen to be putting our political interests before the defence of Britain, we shall not get the confidence of the public, and nor shall we deserve it," he said. The Liberals will doubtless say something similar, if more rudely, at their conference later this month. Both sides, however, will be aware that unilateralism is less of a vote-loser than it was in 1983 and, according to the latest opinion poll, now commands little to 44 per cent of the electorate.

Mr Steel, in pragmatic mood, urged his SDP allies not to agonise too much over the shape of the partnership. Labour was lost irretrievably to the left; the Government exhausted and debilitated, he said. The Alliance offered the only real choice between an unreconstructed Labour Party and a burnt-out Conservative Government.

Mrs Thatcher, perhaps also limbering up for an election, carried out a minor reshuffle of her ministerial ranks mainly designed, it seemed, to reassure the right wing of the party. Seven ministers, mostly of a dampish disposition, were dismissed, two left voluntarily, and another, Mr Peter Morrison, left ministerial office to become second deputy chairman of the Conservative Party.

The most notable promotion was that of Mrs Edwina Currie, a scold in the Prime Minister's own image, to be Under Secretary for Health. Most of those dismissed — Timothy Raison (Foreign Office), Barney Hayhoe (Health) and George Young (Environment) — were evidently guilty of failing to "sell" some of the less popular Thatcherite policies.

Mrs Thatcher pleased her right-wingers with the announcement that British Airways is, at last, to be sold off. Sale of the airline, always viewed by the Prime Minister as an important symbol of her privatisation programme, had to be shelved earlier this year because of problems with the United States about air services agreements. But a new agreement — Bermuda Two — has been negotiated and BA will be floated on the stock market in January or February. It is expected to fetch around £600 million, which is about £200 million down on earlier estimates.

The sale is being timed to cash in on the euphoria likely to surround the November flotation of

British Gas. That will be the largest privatisation of all and the Government machinery is being geared up to ensure that the flotation is as great a success as the sale of British Telecom.

The Treasury was well pleased with the August inflation figures which showed an annual rate, unchanged from July, of 2.4 per cent. This compares with an underlying rise in earnings which is still put at 7.5 per cent. There is a belated realisation, however, that different social groups experience different inflation rates. People like the low paid and pensioners, for instance, who are less likely to have cars and therefore do not benefit from lower petrol prices, claim that the prices of the goods they consume have gone by 4.6 per cent.

A force of 600 police had to be deployed to quell disturbances which broke out in the St Paul's area of Bristol in the wake of a police operation against suspected illegal trafficking in drugs and alcohol. Over a period of two days, gangs of mainly black youths used bottles, stones and knives in attacks on police and also tried to barricade a street with hijacked vehicles. Nine police officers were

injured, one seriously, and 80 people were arrested.

The St Paul's area, which featured in the inner-city riots of 1981, is said by the police to account for 70 per cent of the city's total of street robberies. The deputy chief constable of Avon and Somerset, Mr Jim Sharples, said: "We have the backing of the community in St Paul's. Our action is not against them but against a lawless element which refuses to be policed."

The Government introduced a new system of fixed penalty tickets to cover 250 different motoring offences in an attempt to reduce the workload, and delay, in magistrates' courts. Until now, fixed penalties (of £10) have been restricted to parking offences. As from next month, motorists will have the choice of paying £12 for minor infringements or £24 for endorser offences such as speeding. The amounts go up by 50 per cent if fines are unpaid after 28 days.

The extradition process was started against 26 British football supporters alleged to have been involved in rioting at the Heysel stadium in Brussels last year. All are jointly charged, under Belgian law, with the involuntary man-

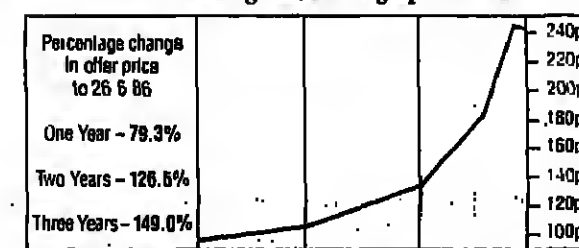
slaughter of Mr Mario Ronchi just before the European cup final kick-off between Liverpool and Juventus. They will appear at Bow Street magistrates' court in London again in November, when it will be decided whether extradition orders against them should be heard collectively or singly.

An inquest on 55 people who died in last year's Manchester air disaster was told of the alarming speed with which fire engulfed a Boeing 737 as it was about to take off on a holiday charter flight to Corfu. The plane was nearing take-off speed when a combustion chamber exploded.

Although the plane was brought to a halt within a minute of the explosion, flames were said to have melted the skin of the Boeing in less than ten seconds. Black smoke filled the cabin and most of the dead succumbed to the toxic fumes. Questions were asked about faults — slow acceleration and slow idling — reported in the Pratt and Whitney engine two days before the disaster and about whether the plane's operators, British Airways, or the engine manufacturers had ever issued warnings that such faults could point to combustion chamber stress.

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Our Champagne Gift Service will send an elegantly presented bottle of champagne to any address in the United Kingdom. For those very special occasions you can enhance the gift with Caviar or Pate de Foie Gras. Your message will be enclosed on our stylish Gift Champagne Card, or you may prefer to send your own card for inclusion.

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28gm	1st Serravallo Caviar	£12.95
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A collection of fine foods and wines for discerning tastes; makes an ideal Christmas surprise. Farquharsons quality hampers are attractively boxed to ensure a delightful reception.

CAPTAIN COOK'S CHRISTMAS COLLECTION

1 Bottle Cotes du Rhone 1984. 85 Caves du Val de Saône AC.

1 Bottle Muscadet de Sevre-et-Maine 1984. 85 Sur Lie.

1 Bottle Gammon Ham. Royal Ascot Christmas Pudding.

14gm 1st Royal Ascot Brandy Butto.

60oz 1st Barbecue Cranberry Sauce.

180gm 1st Barbecue Cranberry Sauce.

300gm 1st Barbecue Cranberry Sauce.

12oz 1st Barbecue Cranberry Sauce.

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WHITBY HARBOUR TEA CHEST

600gm Strathpey Rich Fruit Cake.

300gm Box Walkers Petalcoat Tails Shortbread.

250gm 1st Barbecue Cranberry Sauce.

180gm 1st Barbecue Cranberry Sauce.

300gm 1st Barbecue Cranberry Sauce.

12oz 1st Barbecue Cranberry Sauce.

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PORT AND CHRISTMAS CHEER

1 Bottle Taylors Late Bottled 1979 Vintage Port with 80% Blue Stilton Cheese in Casserole Dish.

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'Pathfinder' Bennett

DONALD "Pathfinder" Bennett, an outstanding figure

THE WEEK

AT least 20 people died and 300 were injured in an earthquake, measuring 6.2 on the Richter scale, which shook the southern Greek port of Kalamata and surrounding villages. Officials reported that the nearby village of Eleochoori was almost totally levelled, while 70 per cent of buildings in the villages of Neochori, Vamitika, and Vamitika were damaged. The Prime Minister, Mr. Papandreu, declared the area a disaster zone and began organising an airlift of doctors and medical supplies. A specialist French medical team equipped with search dogs arrived to help with the rescue. More than 30 people were injured in a second tremor two days later which demolished buildings already weakened by the first shock.

TWELVE people were wounded by police when a crowd marched on administrative offices in Sharpeville in the Transvaal to protest at the eviction of rent defaulters. Many residents in Sharpeville and the sister townships are refusing to pay rent in protest at apartheid and local rule by the "collaborating" town council.

Peres-Mubarak summit came too late

By Glenn Frankel
In Jerusalem

LAST week's Alexandria summit conference between Israel's Shimon Peres and Egypt's Hosni Mubarak is likely to be remembered as the summit that came too late — too late in the week to last more than 24 hours, too late in the month to entice Secretary of State George P. Shultz to attend and play the role of catalyst. And, most of all, it came too late in Peres' term in office to create the kind of momentum at home that the politically moderate Israeli premier needs to overcome the deep scepticism and disappointment about the Middle East peace process that afflict his wary countrymen.

That was the main reason why Peres and his aides had desperately sought this summit ever since he became Prime Minister two years ago. They perceived that it would not be possible to reawaken the Israeli public's dormant desire to pursue a peace settlement with the Arab foe without first bawling romance with the one former enemy that has made peace with the Jewish state.

But time has run out for Peres, as he himself acknowledged. "The only common enemy we have discovered over the last 24 hours is the shortage of time," he told reporters on Saturday after concluding the first session in five years between Israel and Egyptian heads of state. "If we could have had a bit more time, I think we could have made more progress."

Peres was referring to the fact that the conference was limited to 24 hours because the Jewish Sabbath began on Friday night and Peres is scheduled to leave for Washington the following Monday. But he could also have been referring to the fact that he is a leader with less than five weeks to go before he must turn over his office to his rightist political rival, Yitzhak Shamir, who opposed the 1979 Camp David peace accord and is certain to take a harder line on relations with Cairo.

The meeting did succeed in formalising the new thaw in Israeli-Egyptian relations reflected in the resolution of the Taba border dispute and the return of Egypt's ambassador to Tel Aviv, both announced last week. But it also demonstrated the wide gap between the two sides on the issue that in the long term may have more influence on bilateral relations than any other — the fate of the Middle East's Palestinians.

Mubarak pushed from the start of the talks for a breakthrough on the issue of the Palestinians, 1.3 million of whom live under Israeli military occupation in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Israeli sources said Peres re-

Tension also ran high in Geneva after weekend fighting between Syrian and Lebanese forces. Mr. George Shultz, who visited South Africa next month, said that the two-week tour of Africa, Egypt, and Jordan, including some of the Front countries, are expected to be on the list. The State Department said that Mr. Shultz had been anxious to visit Africa for a long time to discuss how to end apartheid and talk about the economic problems of the continent.

ALGO GUCCI, the patriarch of the Florence leather-and-accessory firm, said to be aged 88, was sentenced to one year and one day in jail for tax evasion by a Federal Court in New York. Mr. Gucci had pleaded guilty at his trial in January to failing to report at least \$11.8 million in income over six years and had agreed to pay the Internal Revenue Service \$7.4 million. It was assumed he would receive a suspended sentence because of his age. He will be eligible for parole after serving four months.

THE pro-Iranian Islamic Jihad (Holy War)

group last week denied responsibility for kidnapping an American citizen, Frank Reed, in West Beirut. The statement was accompanied by a colour photograph of a US hostage, David Jacobson, whom Islamic Jihad admits holding along with two other Americans — journalist Terry Anderson and university dean Thomas Sutherland.

THE Solidarity underground reader, Mr. Zbigniew Bulak, released from prison last week under a new Government amnesty, said he believed the union's supporters had a chance to act openly for the first time since the declaration of martial law in 1981.

"There is a certain chance of organising open, or anyway half-open, activity in the country," Mr. Bulak said. "This is a big chance for us." But, he warned: "The authorities will be demanding the complete liquidation of Solidarity organisations. They will not tolerate any open proposals for Solidarity."

VIETNAM at the weekend put casualties from last week's Typhoon Cassinette at nearly 400 dead and 2,500 injured, and said it was still counting. The Vietnam

News Agency said that the storm wrecked 600,000 houses and 11,000 schools and hospitals, and sank 200 boats.

AN Iraqi diplomat was killed in Karachi at the weekend when a time bomb hidden beneath the front seat of his car exploded. The Iraqi Embassy in Islamabad identified the dead diplomat as a vice-consul, Mubashir Abdul al-Salam. Earlier in the week, a long range missile hit Baghdad, hitting a poor residential area and killing 21 civilians and injuring 81 others. (Iran prepares for final push — page 9.)

A Libyan official was being interrogated in Pakistan at the weekend on suspicion of involvement in the hijacking of the Pan Am airliner at Karachi airport as a result of which 21 people died. The man named as Sulaiman al-Terkal, was arrested when he disembarked at Islamabad airport from an internal flight coming from Karachi last Wednesday.

A BOMB went off outside a waiting room at Seoul's Kimpo international airport at the weekend killing five people and injuring 19. The authorities blamed North

Korean agents, or "impure elements" siding for North Korea, for the blast. No foreigners were among the victims.

AUSTRIA'S Chancellor Franz Vranitzky announced the end of the governing coalition between his Socialist Party (SPÖ) and the small rightwing Freedom Party (FPÖ) and said there would be an early general election on November 23.

THE former Prime Minister of Greece, Mr. Panayiotis Kanelopoulos, a mild-mannered historian whose caretaker government was overthrown by the 1967 colonel's coup, died last week aged 63.

COMMON MARKET foreign ministers meeting in Brussels were in disorder after failing to agree on a package of economic sanctions against South Africa. West Germany and Portugal were putting up strong opposition to including a ban on imports of coal along with the measures already agreed in principle by EEC government leaders at their Hague summit in June.

Bombers take their revenge on Paris

By Campbell Page in Paris

international conference on Middle East peace. Crucial details such as who would participate and what they would talk about were left undecided.

The tragedy, one analyst said, was that both men, given their personal choice, would like to have gone a good deal further. "The amount of resistance between these two people is minimal," said Shimon Shamir of Tel Aviv University, one of the country's leading experts on Egyptian affairs. "But Mubarak was held back by Peres and the PLO and Peres by the Likud."

The new thaw could freeze over again quickly when the Likud takes over the premiership, said Shimon Shamir, who is no relation to the Likud leader. "Shamir can destroy it very easily," he said, noting that the Likud has long opposed the concept of an international conference. "But he will be reluctant to be seen as doing it," he said. "He'll have to at least go through the motions." — Washington Post.

TERRORISTS on Monday delivered a prompt challenge to the French Government's new anti-terrorist measures when a bomb at police headquarters killed one person and wounded 61 others, three of them seriously.

Police said that one unidentified victim died in hospital several hours after the bomb shattered windows and sent plaster and masonry flying into the large central courtyard of the ornate 19th century Prefecture de Police on the Ile de la Cité.

Rescue services went on red alert after the bomb went off close to Notre Dame. The injured — 31 of them employed at the prefecture, the other 20 members of the public — were rushed to six city hospitals.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Chirac, who has declared war on terrorism and promised "draconian re-

press" against its instigators, learned of the latest attack when lunching with Prince Reiner of Monaco.

An underground group demanding the release of three Arabs held in French jails claimed responsibility for the explosion. In Beirut, a telephone caller claiming to speak for the Committee of Solidarity with Arab and Middle East Political Prisoners asked an

Le Monde reporter on the terrorist threat: 11/12/13

international news agency to "inform (President) Mitterrand and Chirac that the next operation will be at the Elysée" (presidential palace).

Monday's bomb was the fifth terrorist operation (four of them successful) mounted in the capital in the last 12 days by the solidarity committee which is pressing for the release of Georges Ibrahim Abdallah, leader of the Armed Revolutionary Lebanese Front.

President Mitterrand said on Monday that the struggle against terrorism was a matter for the entire country. Whoever attacks human life should be pursued ruthlessly.

France's decision to demand entry visas from all visitors except citizens of the EEC and Switzerland met some criticism. The Austrian Foreign Minister, Mr. Peter Janitschke, whose country sends half a million visitors to France each year, described the measure as being "unparalleled in Europe for decades".

The Swedish Foreign Minister, Mr. Lennart Bodstrom, underlined the negative aspect of restricting freedom of movement, while the Moroccan embassy here understood the reason for the French action.

The EEC has responded to France's request for rapid consultations on terrorism by fixing an emergency meeting of the Community's interior ministers on September 25 when practical measures will be discussed.

Italy has asked France to extradite Abdallah, who is serving a four-year jail term for arms possession. His extradition was requested on September 8 so that he could be questioned about alleged involvement in Middle East terrorist activities in Italy.

Two Lebanese linked to Abdallah's group, Abdullah al-Sarkis, were sentenced by a Trieste court in June last year to 18 and 15-year jail terms for taking part in terrorist activities.

All Moscow journalists 'potential targets'

By Martin Walker in Moscow

THE American reporter, Mr. Nick Daniloff, making his first formal comments to the press since his arrest in Moscow on spying charges, said on Sunday that all journalists in the Soviet Union were potential KGB targets.

Mr. Daniloff, aged 51, described his interrogation by security police during 13 days in Lefortovo prison as "mental torture".

He was seized by the KGB on August 30 shortly before completing a 5½ year assignment for US News and World Report magazine.

"What happened to me is a problem that involves all of you," he told a large crowd of reporters who gathered at the commercial office of the US embassy to hear his story after his release from prison on Friday night. "All of you are potential targets for this sort of action."

Mr. Daniloff repeated his conviction that he had been framed as part of a Soviet attempt to secure the release of Gennady Zakharov, a Soviet physicist arrested in New

York on August 23 and charged with spying.

He stressed that he was hoping for a new diplomatic solution that would let him return to the US without going through the ordeal of a trial. But a straightforward exchange between Mr. Zakharov and Mr. Daniloff would look uncomfortably like a victory for the KGB.

"I was not cold, not hungry, and I was not abused in any physical sense," he said of his 13 days in Lefortovo. "The mere fact of being in a cell, isolated, and not allowed legal counsel, interrogated for four hours every day, is a very, very hard burden. I have to tell you that it is mental torture."

He added: "Throughout all of this interrogation I've always said that I was under no instructions from any government agency of the United States, and that all of my actions were on my own initiative or on the request of my magazine."

Voices in the dark

THE phone rings in the Guardian Moscow office at Gruzinsky Pereulok and the voice says in excitable Russian that its owner has just flown in from Georgia or Latvia or Siberia and wants to see me again and where can we meet.

In the old days, the days before Nick Daniloff found himself in Moscow's Lefortovo prison after attending such a meeting, I would have gone as soon as possible, looking forward to renewing an acquaintance and hearing some gossip and sharing a convivial meal.

These days, like all of my colleagues in the Western press in Moscow, I will be thinking twice, trying to remember the exact circumstances in which I met the caller. And I will be nagged by the seed of doubt and mistrust that the Daniloff affair has sown in all our minds.

For the moment, most of us are operating under what we call cold war rules. When we go to meet Soviet contacts, we take a colleague along, just in case. We let wives and friends know where we are going, and when we should get back. We shy away from the usual casual meeting places outside Metro stations and on favourite boulevards and try to arrange appointments in our offices, even as we know that walls have ears and phones have tape recorders.

The problem is that over the years, a pattern of working has been forced on the Western press in Moscow that would arouse the suspicions of even the sleepiest KGB man.

Because of our concern for our Russian friends and contacts, we are discreet in our meetings. When we go to their homes, we go by Metro, rather than in our cars with their glaringly distinctive number plates. When we invite them to our homes, which are invariably surrounded by wire fences and floodlights with a police guard on the door and rush them inside, to spare them the problems that can come from a police check on their documents.

We get phone calls that begin "Do you recognise my voice?" and go on to say that Sasha has been arrested, or that Lev has lost his job because he applied for a visa, or that Marina made the trek to the prison but was unable to see our friend.

These days, those disident stories and contacts make up only a fraction of a journalist's work in Moscow. But ironically, the growing access that we are getting to Soviet officials and economists and the well-informed people in think-tanks has imposed another kind of caution.

If you are lucky enough to get the home phone number of one of these people, and are on good enough terms to talk frankly, rather than hear an instant replay of that day's Pravda editorial, the etiquette is that you phone from a public call box. Or you meet in private homes or over lunch, or take a stroll together.

It is not that there are secrets being conveyed, but we are still living in the shadow of an older, grimmer Soviet security system, when even to think aloud about policy options in front of a foreign journalist was to risk one's head.

At least, we thought it was only the shadow of the old days, but the arrest of Daniloff means that the old nightmares are still with us. This is bad news for us journalists, but in the long run rather worse news for the Soviet system.



The Ron and Nancy anti-drug show

By Michael Whita in Washington

THE slender gap between America's politics and its show business shrank still further on Sunday, when Ronald and Nancy Reagan appeared together on nationwide television to rally public support in the renewed and increasingly hysterical fight against drug abuse — hours after the First Lady had admitted that her own children had smoked a little dope in college.

It was their first scripted appearance together in a substantial work since Hellicopters of the Navy (1955). As such, it received a one star rating in the New York Times TV guide — along with a reprint of Walt Disney's Dumbo (1941), Winds of War, and a new film about General George Patton (also one star), all of which the Reagans had displaced for 30 minutes of prime time on the three main networks.

The broadcast was the high point to date of the five-year crusade against drugs by which Mrs. Reagan has established herself as a serious presidential consort rather than a mere clothes horse.

But in recent months the field has been crowded by public figures, from her husband downwards, anxious to make sure that America's affluent middle class does not hold them responsible for the supposed cocaine epidemic of November's mid-term elections.

Like Colonel Gadsby, or Nicaragua, the current frenzy has the air about it of a brief interlude, after which the professionals will be left to struggle on with the problem much as before.

But, inasmuch as it had a starting point, it was the cocaine-related deaths of two brilliant young athletes, basketball star,

Len Bine, and Don Rogers of the Cleveland Browns football team. The deaths overwhelmed statistics suggesting that the overall drug problem is no worse, and may even be slightly improved.

The media, however, has slighted upon "crack", the fashionably new and inexpensive way to forget 1986 for a while, as a major front-page story. Police and politicians have not been far behind in getting their share of the action.

Only last Thursday, the Democrat-controlled House of Representatives passed a bill over liberal protests about civil rights which would deploy a decidedly reluctant Pentagon in pursuit of drug-traffic-flickers from Latin America, and allow the use of illegally obtained evidence in some cases and the death penalty in others.

Doubts on role of Pretoria's youth camps

By David Beresford in Johannesburg

CONCERN about South Africa's so-called reabsorption camps which provide "education" courses for youths on their release from detention, increased sharply this week with allegations that they are being used to recruit police informers, being run by well-known rightwingers, and that they make be linked with the state security apparatus.

The white parliamentary opposition, the Progressive Federal Party, which is investigating the camps, is expressing suspicion that they are being run by the country's "Joint Management Committee" — regional organisations falling directly under the control of the powerful State Security Council and made up of senior army and police officers as well as local business and community leaders.

Former detainees who have attended the camps have also claimed that they have been taught to identify specific weapons during the "courses", apparently to help them work as informers. The allegations have all been denied by the authorities.

The Joint Management Committee have been set up as part of a "national security management system" to recommend action in dealing with security problems, ranging from specific actions by police or troops to the upgrading of living conditions. Little is known about their operations, but leaked documents disclosed recently that they were involved in attempts to break the township rent boycotts, which have become a major head-

ache for Government.

A black Johannesburg newspaper, the City Press, reported at the weekend that the camps were being run by a Pretoria "consultancy" headed by two academics, one of whom was described as a leading "back room strategist" in the ruling National Party, with known rightwing and Defiance Force connections.

The newspaper also claimed that the camps may account for the fact that the names of thousands of people who have gone missing in South Africa are absent from lists of detainees issued by the Government. It suggested that, because attendance at the camps is theoretically voluntary, they have been left off the lists.

The Deputy Minister of Education, Mr. Sam de Beer, said in a statement last week, that "for a number of years" his department had been offering courses "as part of its normal programmes of youth activities." The youth of many detainees prompted the department "to extend to them an offer to voluntarily attend such courses after their release."

Mr. de Beer said the courses had no "political component" and those attending were free to withdraw at any time. Minors were admitted only with the written permission of their parents or guardians.

A spokesman for the department handling black education said the camps were designed to ease detainees' way back to freedom. Mr. Job Shoenen said: "There's nothing sinister about it. I know some

people think we may be involved in brainwashing and indoctrination, but that is far from the truth." Department officials said that they were trying to arrange media access to the camps. They said there were "five or six" camps around the country.

An alleged member of the African National Congress, described as one of the 10 most wanted men in South Africa, has been shot dead in custody. Jacob Mahlangu was killed by detectives on Thursday night while handcuffed and shackled after allegedly snatching a gun and opening fire on his police escort. He was arrested on Wednesday.

Police said Mahlangu was guiding them to arms caches and accomplices in a township near Pretoria when he grabbed a revolver from a detective's holster and began firing. A second detective shot him dead.

Mahlangu was said to have been positively implicated in at least 17 crimes, including two murders and several armed robberies. He was alleged to have confessed that he was a member of the ANC.

Figures released last week suggest that nearly half South Africa's working population may be unemployed. Sociologists at the University of the Witwatersrand described their figures as conservative and claimed that the true unemployment figure for South Africa was between 4.2 and 6 million. The most recent government figure was 519,000.

THE delegates all held their yellow cards loyally in the air in the end. But there was no mistaking the sense of unease which preceded the mostly unanimous vote. The Social Democrats, debating defence policy at their Harrogate conference, know now that their relationship with the Liberals will be on the line when their Alliance partners debate the same issue at Eastbourne next week. They know, too, that their debate was not just about the defence issue, but about the relationship with the Liberals — and, as something much wider — the nature of the leadership of the party, too. The question for Eastbourne now is: how far are the Liberals prepared to be pushed by the SDP leader?

This conclusion does not necessarily imply criticism of Dr Owen. It merely acknowledges the extent to which he dominates his own party and, less certainly, the Alliance. He did not speak in Sunday's debate but he was nevertheless the focus of it. It is because Dr Owen has decided that this is his issue and that his party and his allies must accommodate themselves to his fertile judgements about defence that this debate was taking place at all. The SDP leader believes that the Conservatives will try to blow Labour out of the water on defence during the next election campaign. He thinks they will succeed, like they did in 1983. This time, he argues, will be the Alliance's opportunity to make massive advances, exploiting Labour's discreditable and the Tories' unpopularity. But it will only work if the Alliance has bolted its line

Britain's defence and the next election

any together in advance. Hence Dr Owen's repeated pressure on his more circumspect colleagues. Hence his recent trip to France and Brussels with Mr David Sless, designed to show Alliance voters that there is no Anglo-French future and that it works. Hence, even at the eleventh hour, his remarks in Harrogate on Saturday about Trident replacement.

Now Dr Owen has his victory, formidably won. But it has been won at a price. Clever conference management by the SDP leadership minimised the opportunities for divisive votes. But the upshot was that the SDP adopted motions which are, on the face of it, contradictory in the emphasis which they attach to the joint Alliance commission document rather than to the SDP's own more hawkish 1985 conference policy. And, by what looked like a 5:1 majority, they freed from an alive branch amendment those policies most likely to attract the Liberals. It may in the end be no bad thing that the conference has entrusted its leader with so much freedom to interpret party policy. Dr Owen has managed to make the running pretty effectively up to now. But a lot now rests on the mood of the Liberals. Depending on the reaction at Eastbourne, the SDP may regret not having spelled out more clearly the

limits beyond which it refuses to go. But there is a wider doubt. The latest CND/Gallup poll identifies it very clearly. Over the years, unilateralism has been a minority conviction, supported by about a quarter of the population. The CND poll, though, shows unilateralist support at 44 per cent, against 48 per cent opposed and 10 per cent don't know. That's a big shift. It could be important and it needs to be understood. Combine it with the 3:1 majority opposing the European bomb option and you must begin to wonder whether Dr Owen may have got it wrong. Public opinion may not be as irresponsibly committed to a British finger on the trigger as Dr Owen assumes. Retention of Polaris may not be such a copper-bottomed vote winner, after all. A party leader who appears wedded to maintaining the independent nuclear deterrent under all foreseeable circumstances may not be as popular a party leader as he supposes. Dr Owen has won admiration for his determination to face facts in a realistic and undogmatic way, especially over defence. The Gallup poll is a fact, too, and the Alliance would do well to face it.

For in a wider poll about voting intentions the Alliance now stands at 24 per cent compared with 38 per cent this time last year. After a successful conference season

last year it looked well placed to consolidate at that level for some time. But that hasn't happened. The Alliance has sunk back gradually but consistently over the intervening months so that, at least for the present, the country has a two and two thirds party political contest once again, not the three party race of autumn 1985. That could change, of course, the bedrock of support remains over 20 per cent and there was more hopeful news for the delegates in local and parliamentary by-elections. But the SDP activists cannot assume it will change by magic.

The key to the Alliance's current showing is the relative recovery of the Labour Party. In 1981, the year it was founded, the SDP saw itself as the natural alternative to a Labour Party that had lost the will and the right to govern. But Mr Neil Kinnock has pulled his party a long way round since then. For the moment he dominates both his party and the trades unions. Many of the voters who abandoned Labour in 1983 for the Alliance have returned to their earlier loyalty. Meanwhile, the Alliance has become increasingly an alternative not to Labour but to the Conservatives. It is Mrs Thatcher, not Mr Kinnock, whose dogmatism offers the Alliance its best chance of electoral success. Several of the Social Democrats who left Labour in 1981 are uneasily aware that they may have bought the wrong ticket after all. As long as Mr Kinnock keeps it up — and his big test on defence has yet to come — it is going to be difficult for the SDP and the Alliance to think buoyantly in terms of government.

Report, page 5

Miss Bhutto's brick wall

WHEN Miss Benazir Bhutto flew back from exile to Pakistan, a heady few days after the democratic thriller in Manila, anything seemed possible. A million people turned out spontaneously and joyously to welcome her to Lahore. She demanded elections. Surely, it seemed, she would overwhelmingly win those elections. But then reality seeped back. General Zia-ul-Haq, over nine amazingly adroit years, had proved a compendious political operator in military uniform. His skills had not deserted him. He didn't panic publicly. He merely absorbed the Bhutto demonstration and let any election ploy into the mist of the nineteen-nineties. The next move was left to Miss Bhutto. She organised a nationwide day of action and dissent. It was ruthlessly suppressed. She, and the opposition leaders who matter, were locked away. The big day lost its impact.

Last week the prison doors swung open. Miss Bhutto is free again and so, interestingly, are her key supporters. A mini-symposium of Pakistan opposition leaders discussed — pretty inconclusively — the next steps on a road to nowhere very certain. Miss Bhutto has set a deadline of this weekend for Zia to grant instant democracy or face renewed trouble in the streets. But, since he coped so easily with the last trouble on the streets, it is difficult to see him trembling. Miss Bhutto knows that she is the leader Pakistan would choose if a choice was on offer. But the present leader of Pakistan is offering nothing, and the feckless political legions behind Miss Bhutto are clearly in no mood for the kind of bloody uprising that might change his mind. So what does Benazir do next?

She has two paths open, and either is very attractive. One is to plough on regardless. Foment rebellion. Organise strikes and marches. Hope that a halated

groundswell of rugged activism will shake Zia and bring diamay amongst the Punjabi army officers who are the props of his power. In short, try the tactics which brought her father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, and gave Zia his own opportunity. But there is one terrible snag to such a strategy — quite apart from the manifest lack of enough determined street fighters, the democrats — in Pakistan history — only get their chance when the army is so discredited that it voluntarily passes the buck of governance. Zia has not reached that pass yet. And, even if he had, there seem plenty of alternative generals who would step in to depose him, take the reins, promise elections at a later date, and merely leave Miss Bhutto with another dictator to deal with.

The other route may appeal even less to a leader of Benazir Bhutto's fiery, impatient temperament. It is simply to pause and retreat to the high moral ground. Zia has promised a proper poll in three years or so. Miss Bhutto is the only political leader who matters nationally. Very well. She is 33; she can wait.

Rationally, on all the evidence of a long, hot Pakistan summer, a retreat to the high ground is the only policy that makes sense. But it will not be easy, especially for Miss Bhutto. Yet how else is Pakistan to continue its next fling with democracy? Sooner or later the endless alternations of military dictatorship and civilian rule will have to come to an end. They don't fit, any longer, with the growing economic malaise of the country, and with all the opportunities for prosperity that stability would bring. But the ultimate test for Pakistan is not simply to call an election which allows Miss Bhutto a few years in the sun. It is to ensure a permanent transition of power which allows other politicians to follow Miss Bhutto. And that, it seems, will not be won on the street just yet.

separate press conferences, tried to appear conciliatory after two days of talks which clearly failed to narrow the gap between them, and even evading of violent demonstrations on Thursday.

Mrs Brundtland said that she had apologised to her guests for the disruption caused by the clashes between police and demonstrators on Thursday night. "Last delayed the official banquet. A night wasn't pleasant for me as a hostess," she said. But, she went on, the demonstrators were raising the same issues as many Norwegians — Mrs Thatcher's South African and environmental policies.

Both she and Mrs Thatcher, at

the Scandineavians.

"The Government ought to take a hold step towards the ban by supporting the draft EEC directive of a 60 per cent reduction in acidic emissions. That is the only way we can protect our own environment and that of the Scandinavians."

Mrs Gro Harlem Brundtland, Norway's socialist Prime Minister, welcomed with reservations British alms announcement of new controls of sulphur dioxide emissions. She also said Norway's decision to cut all exports later this year would help Britain by stabilising prices, and ought not to be seen as a negative move.

Both she and Mrs Thatcher, at

UK moves to curb acid rain

By John Ardill and Jonathan Steele

Club of European states for a cut by that amount over the next seven years from the level of emissions as they stood in 1980. British officials claim that the 1980 starting date is arbitrary.

The announcement was attacked by Labour and environmental groups as "too little too late", and no more than an admission of guilt over Norwegian acid rain problems. Dr David Clark, Labour's natural environment spokesman, said, "This is a clumsy announcement and I'm quite sure no one will be taken in by it, especially

A £800 million scheme to reduce the emission of sulphur from three of Britain's largest coal-burning power stations was announced in London last week as the Prime Minister left on a visit to Norway. Norway has repeatedly protested to Britain at the amount of acid rain which falls as a result of pollution from British power stations and Mrs Thatcher obviously hoped that the gesture would help provide a favourable atmosphere for her two-day visit.

The first of the three power stations to be fitted with flue gas desulphurisation plants on a programme from 1988 to 1997 is likely to be the newest 2,000

magawatt unit, Drax B, in Yorkshire. Those likely to follow are Fiddlers Ferry, in Cheshire, and Burton West, in Staffordshire. The scheme involves building a small chemical plant next to each power station. Coupled with plans to fit filters to all new power stations, the programme aims to reduce Britain's sulphur emissions by 14 per cent by 1997.

A final decision to clean up these three coal-fired stations still awaits the results of studies by the Royal Society and the Norwegian and Swedish Academies of Science which are due next spring. The plan falls short of the aims endorsed by the "30 Per Cent

Le Monde

ENGLISH SECTION

A ridiculous sideshow with France under terrorist threat

"TERRORISM is a veritable act of war," said Prime Minister Chirac addressing the Institut des Hautes Etudes de Défense on Friday. Four years earlier, another Prime Minister — Pierre Mauroy — also compared this challenge to the world as "a crime having the resources of war" and concluded that the anti-terrorist struggle was "part and parcel of defence".

Such doctrinal continuity between right and left in France on so grave a matter can only be commended. Compared with this consensus in defining the danger, there is something stupid, contemptible and obscene about two former secret service bosses — Alexandre de Marenches and Pierre Marion — accusing each other in public of having done practically nothing to counter terrorism, at a time when French citizens are paying a heavy price in blood.

The sponsors and executors of such attacks, as well as their beneficiaries, are likely to judge the efficiency of French secret services by the gauge offered by

this ridiculous squabble. A year after the botched operation against the Rainbow Warrior in New Zealand, the DGSE (Direction Générale de la Sécurité) is still licking its wounds, and it deserves better than this unseemly row.

Why do men accustomed to secrecy and working in the shadows because of the responsibilities they exercised in the past suddenly

feel an overpowering compulsion to take centre stage and put on airs as soon as they quit their jobs? Who stands to gain from the urge, long held in check, to indulge in spectacular blabbering in the days when they ran their services, they insisted on discretion from their subordinates. Why then should not these men, who know from experience that what counter-espionage demands above all is secrecy so as to deny information to the adversary, show concern for respecting their obliga-

COMMENT

tion to remain silent? If they want to bear witness to history, let them first refrain from departing from their professional code of conduct, all the more so as at this particular juncture the secret services' task is neither as simple nor as straightforward as some, including people in government circles, would have us believe.

With an executive answerable to the nation and apparently waiting for positive, even quick, results in the anti-terrorist struggle so as to reassure the public, the remedy does not lie within secret services like the DGSE, to say nothing of the army. Military action, provided a government accepts full responsibility for it before the world community, can produce temporary ad-hoc results, but it does not defuse a highly explosive with many other political and ideological ramifications.

"Terrorism is the union of fire and water," says a DGSE official. That is, two natural elements which when they break loose can quickly become uncontrollable.

(September 14/15)

Chirac enforces border checks

Shortly after terrorists struck yet again in the French capital, Prime Minister Jacques Chirac announced a package of antiterrorist measures that will go into operation immediately. The package includes mandatory entry visas for visitors to France from all countries other than the EEC states and Switzerland, reinforcement of border crossings and other border areas with the deployment of 1,000 army commandos, the generalisation of systematic search operations in public places, and intensified checks on the movements of people.

Chirac spoke against the background of three bomb attacks in the capital and news that six more French soldiers serving with the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (Unifil) had been killed in a terrorist mine in southern Lebanon. He had particularly harsh words for the Finnish commander of the Unifil force: "I telephoned the general commanding the French contingent today and learned to my utter amazement and disgust that the general commanding the Unifil force had gone on

leave and would be absent until October 2." He described the attitude as reprehensibly frivolous considering the gravity of the situation. Three of the soldiers whose vehicle blew up on a land mine were badly injured and one of them is reported to be clinically dead.

Another terrorist attack in Paris took place at 5.30 pm on Sunday, September 14, at the Pub Renault on the crowded Champs-Élysées. A waiter spotted a suspicious-looking parcel in a flowerpot on a table and reported it to the manager, who called in the police. When the parcel was being moved it blew up, severely injuring the two policemen and another person. One of the policemen, a young man aged 24, later died of his wounds.

The bomb is said to have been roughly of the same size — 2.5 kilos — as the device that went off in a crowded cafeteria in the Defence district, on the western outskirts of Paris, shortly after midnight on Friday, injuring 41 people, two of them quite seriously. Twelve persons — all of Middle Eastern origin — have been arrested and are awaiting expulsion.

In a further development, a large bomb was reported to have gone off at a police headquarters at lunchtime on Monday, injuring at least 50 people.

Meanwhile, a public controversy has broken out in France following charges and counter-charges and disclosures made by two former French secret service chiefs.

Aquino's Defence Minister plays a waiting game

MANILA — "I don't know why, each time I open my mouth, I cause a furor. Yet this government claims to be pluralistic." Off-hand and ironical, affable and capable by turns, Filipino Defence Minister Juan Ponce Enrile refuses to give interviews "before next week's visit to the United States by the President." But this does not prevent him from speaking up, in private, over a drink, or at the end of a lunch which unexpectedly turns into a press conference.

Johnny, as he is familiarly called by Filipinos, is 62. A former Harvard graduate, Enrile was for 20 years a pillar of the Marcos regime. In particular he occupied the same post that he holds now) and in the course of this summer he has emerged as one of the key figures on the Filipino political scene. "Stop: the minister of defence is not a political organisation, and doesn't indulge in politics. But I'm asked to do the impossible: who can prove he has no ambitions?" In particular, he was credited with planning to succeed Marcos and there is no indication that he has abandoned the idea of running for President.

True, the skillfully structured comments that Enrile makes week after week look like direct criticism of what the Aquino government is doing. So much so, that recently Minister of Local Administration Pimentel for the first time gave his cabinet colleague a warning: "If he doesn't agree with the President's policy towards the Communists, let him resign."

To which Enrile, who has less faith in a negotiated solution to the communist insurgency than in military action, replies blandly: "All right, I agree my approach to the Communist problem is different from that of other government members. You see, the Communists represent a real danger. They are now openly on the political scene, they speak freely but have

not abandoned their armed struggle." Meanwhile, without mentioning Enrile directly, Agriculture Minister Mitra, one of the two men appointed by Cory Aquino to negotiate with the Communists, talks in public about the "hysterical reactions" to the Communist Party's demands which are likely to cause the negotiations to collapse.

Enrile scarcely seems to worry about the resulting confusion of messages among his state ministers or merely liberal cabinet members.

He knows that Washington, worried about a possible easing of the military crackdown on the insurgency, is with him on the Communist issue and that a good many within the party do not believe in these negotiations. "The problem is one of national security," says Enrile. "Tell me if I'm being disloyal to Mrs Aquino by putting her on her guard. I'm not against a ceasefire. But I think it's necessary to be cautious and not help a long-term strategy of the Communists who are planning to fight on several fronts — legal and armed."

Enrile's double-edged has only a handful of officers behind him, but most of them acknowledge his leadership. He has been accused of violations by the Human Rights Commission. He has declared he would defend his men even if he has to pay lawyers fees for them out of his own pocket.

In addition, Enrile is in the process of building, more or less openly, a solid political base in the country. Not only does he now appear to be the heir to the

President Corason Aquino left on Monday, September 15, for a working visit to the United States amid a flurry of rumours suggesting threats to his government. One of her strongest critics is apparently her own defence minister, Juan Ponce Enrile. In an interview given to the Catholic magazine Veritas, two of his senior aides, Security Chief Colonel Gregorio Honasan, and Head of Defence Intelligence Colonel

Eduardo Kapunan, criticised Cory Aquino's handling of the Communist problem. Although denying suggestions that there might be a coup during her absence, the President did say: "I hope to God that I should be allowed to return to the country with the blessings of our ally, the United States of America, and the Filipino people, especially those in the military..."

Washington Post, page 17



Defense Minister Enrile

for the disappearances of people and the torture inflicted on political prisoners. So today he seeks to be everybody's friend.

He displayed his role as a conciliator particularly during the abortive Tolentino putsch in Manila early in July. With the President and the Vice-President away in Mindanao, he handled the matter smoothly, appearing relaxed as he went on television to reassure the public, then negotiating with the rebel general, and in particular obtaining from Cory Aquino an undertaking that no punishments would be handed out, which has only strengthened his standing with the army. "Imagine if leftwing radicals had taken Manila Hotel," remarked a trade unionist bitterly. "They'd be in prison."

The Manila Hotel incident also has another dimension which demonstrates Enrile's power. According to a member of the presidential commission investigating the incident, it seems very likely that Enrile was kept informed by military intelligence of what was cooking. The cheritable view is that Enrile is the conspiracy go ahead so the plotters would show their hand and he would be ready to act. A less cheritable view, as the commission member who spoke to me pointed out, is that he waited to see how things would turn out.

If the Tolentino uprising and the general involved in it had rallied the masses, he would still have had time to clamber on the bandwagon. This was all the easier as Tolentino had offered him a place in the provisional government he

intended to set up at the Manila Hotel. In a matter of hours the rebellion turned into a comic opera putch and Enrile efficiently put an end to it.

Again on August 21, the anniversary of Ninoy Aquino's death, when Corason Aquino was held up at the Manila Hotel which, like the rest of the island of Luzon, was plunged in total darkness for several hours — it is something that has never been explained — it was Enrile who later went on radio to reassure the people (and the President) that the tanks were still in their barracks and that there was no cause for alarm.

Cory Aquino would doubtless be more comfortable with a less clever and less powerful man in the Defence Ministry, but for the moment it seems highly improbable she could do without Enrile without causing serious problems in her army.

(September 11)



Plan's view of Aquino's 'reaction' to the current Egyptian-Israeli talks.

12

COMING as they did after so many others, have not the Karachi and Istanbul attacks left democracies pretty helpless before the terrorist onslaught?

Reinhold: These tragic attacks, including the ones that took place in Karachi and Istanbul, call for the strongest condemnation. They show once again that the world today must face up to the increasingly worrying increase of terrorism which does not hesitate to resort to every possible means.

In these two cases, they are countries on the fringes of the Middle East and in direct contact with the conflicts rocking those areas, countries turned towards the West. In Karachi, the plane that was attacked was American.

As far as Western democracies are concerned, we know they are even more vulnerable precisely because they respect human rights and value human life, a fact reflected in their institutions, especially judicial institutions, and because they have traditions of openness, hospitality and freedom.

Democracies are not defenceless, however, in the confrontation with terrorism, for cherishing the values I've just mentioned does not rule out firmness by governments and their people. Concern for freedom does not preclude a policy of security based on vigilance. Concern for hospitality is not at odds with maintaining stricter surveillance at frontiers. Steps have already been taken to strengthen European cooperation against terrorism and this action is expected to be steadily pursued.

Do you think there is a direct connection between the various terrorist actions, successful or not, which have cost (or nearly cost) the lives of French citizens, recently both here and in Lebanon, and the new threats made against the French hostages held in Lebanon?

I don't think so at all. I don't think all these things should be generalised. To take the Unifil case, for example, we see it was triggered off on August 11 and 12 by a serious incident, but unavoidable for a peacekeeping force, that took place during a routine check.

The recent wave of totally indiscriminate terrorist attacks has strengthened the conviction that there should be closer international co-ordination in combating this new aspect of terrorism which knows no frontiers.

Particular pressure by this unseen enemy: three French soldiers attached to the United Nations Truce Supervision Force in Lebanon were murdered last

France walks a tightrope over the hostages issue

It set off the chain of events we all know and brought a flurry of charges against Unifil from extremist Shi'ites. It brought about a change in the situation on the ground. A part of the local force demanded that Unifil be withdrawn or tried to provoke it.

The RER incident is plainly a case of terrorism, but in my opinion there is no direct connection between this terrorism and whatever is happening elsewhere. Islamic Jihad's communication (sent to a Lebanese newspaper) is however connected to the hostages issue.

were given the visas. The ambassador asked them when they were thinking of going back to France and they answered they would do so when the universities reopen, since they are students. They recently confirmed this during a meeting with our chargé d'affaires in Baghdad.

Students, really? There has been a lot of talk that at least one of them was in fact very close to Iraqi authorities and that his job was to infiltrate the opposition (Iraqi opposition in France).

Yes, students. You know there

in our talks with Iran, a problem which was kept well within bounds. I share the grief of the (hostages) families in this tragic business, but this has not altered my view. These are conversations, not a horse trade. Out of consideration for the families, I pass on information to them from time to time. Unfortunately I can't tell you more at this stage, so as not to complicate matters even more.

Where have financial negotiations with Iran got to? Quite far. We're now within

Jacques Amalric and Bernard Brigoulet talk to the French Foreign Minister

We can wonder whether there is any relation between this communication and the talks we have been conducting for the past five months to obtain the hostages' release. The talks are continuing normally, although progress is very slow. We're doing everything we can and I don't see a direct link between the present state of these conversations and Islamic Jihad's message.

It contains a number of specific demands that don't concern us directly. In those that concern us, there is the case of the two Iraqis (recently deported from France), and what has been said about it does not tally with the facts as we know them. A few weeks ago, the two Iraqis went to the French embassy in Baghdad and applied for visas (to enter France). They

are many countries that have 35-year-old students. At any rate, they explained they wanted to come back to Paris to continue their university studies, and added they were free to move at will. We announced it after having carried out checks. As for the rest of the Islamic Jihad message, it obviously contains threats, but at the same time it expresses the hope that headway will be made in the conversations currently under way.

But didn't the government feel badly let down by the recent upsurge of terrorist attacks immediately in the wake of a period when the release of two of the hostages had raised expectations? There was a problem in August

sight of a partial agreement, and we're continuing overall negotiations. They concern in particular the \$1 billion Iran lent to the French Atomic Energy Commission (CEA). There are also French creditors, connected with Eurodif, and companies which suffered as a result of the Iranian revolution. We have made a number of concessions, as is normal in negotiations of this sort. There still remain problems to be settled, but we're making headway and could even complete the negotiations fairly soon.

When is the next meeting? At the moment I'm waiting for the Iranian government to respond to the representation I made on August 21.

Could we still say that there will

be no agreement on the debt issue before the hostages are released?

You mustn't put it that way. Here's what I can tell you. First, when we decided to normalise political, economic and cultural relations with Iran, it was a policy as such, it being understood that for everybody, especially the Iraqis, this concern to normalise relations in no way called into question either our policy in the region, in the Arab world in general, or our friendship with Baghdad. On the other hand, it is clear that although the Iranian government is not responsible for holding the hostages, it does have leverage over the kidnappers. Given this, a full normalisation, including an exchange of ambassadors, even a visit to Tehran by me, will not be possible so long as these French citizens are held by their kidnappers.

When you are in the government and are confronted by a tragic situation like this, you can of course ignore this situation and leave the hostages to their fate. You can also — and this is what we're doing — do everything possible to obtain their release. But this doesn't mean that French policy then becomes, as it were, the hostages' hostage. This is indeed what we have explained to those people we are dealing with.

In your negotiations with Iran, will you be taking into consideration Tehran's efforts — through the Hezbollah — to compel the French contingent in Lebanon, and if possible the entire Unifil force, to get out of Lebanon?

We're taking each question separately. There's the question of normalising relations with Iran. There's the question of Unifil, which has to be examined with the United Nations in particular, while at the same time taking all the elements into consideration — including the attitude of the Iranian government with which we're in complete disagreement on the Unifil issue.

That's putting it mildly. ... Has Tehran indeed given the Hezbollah the go-ahead to harass the French contingent? There have been statements to this effect.

Quite. That's why we're going to raise the matter with the Iranians in our next talks. We'll see then just how far they are committed to this line. But it doesn't mean that problem will have repercussions on the others.

What are you expecting from your representation to the United Nations?

Unifil was set up in 1978 and France decided to take part in it. The situation in southern Lebanon today is intolerable. Unifil doesn't have the means for fulfilling its mission which, in fact, ceased to be long-time ago to be the one it was given under UN Resolution 497. That mission required Unifil to make sure Israel withdrew to its own territory, to allow the Lebanese government to establish its authority in all of southern Lebanon and to restore peace and security. This was completed in 1982 by a mission of humanitarian pacification. But today Unifil is in no position to carry out even such an abbreviated mission, since it's an abbreviated mission, since it's an abbreviated mission, since it's an abbreviated mission.

Since it's a UN force, however, it's up to the Security Council, that is, the world community, to accept its responsibility. I hope the UN mission would be dispatched quickly to Lebanon. As soon as I heard that French soldiers had been killed, I asked that the matter be raised at the Security Council. It's previously checked with the Prime Minister and the President that this was also their view. I also discussed the

Continued on page 13

Portrait of a terrorist 'family'

MYSTERY surrounds Georges Ibrahim Abdallah. This man, who is believed to be leader of the Lebanese Armed Revolutionary Fraction (FARL) and has been imprisoned in France since October 1984, appears to be the principal stake, if not the only one, in the campaign of terrorist blackmail to which the French government is currently subjected. Since December 1985, his associates, who investigated say are behind the Comité de Solidarité avec les Prisonniers Politiques Arabes et du Proche-Orient (CSSPA) have been responsible for 11 terrorist attacks (three unsuccessful) in public places in Paris to force the French government to release him.

Why this sustained pressure over 10 months such as France has never experienced before? Everything here seems to be calculated, programmed and timed — a far cry from an irrational escalation. Mon who plant bombs follow their own logic, however twisted. The answers are to be sought in the file on Abdallah, in the mass of intelligence gathered by the DST, the French counter-espionage service, concerning the itinerary of a very special terrorist organisation.

Here then is the story of Abdallah and his friends pieced together with the help of hitherto unpublished documents, court hearings and the written indictment of the Lyons prosecutor's office, and secrets revealed by specialists in the anti-terrorist struggle.

The story opens with a new and surprising anecdote. It was not the DST who picked up Abdallah in Lyons on October 25, 1984. In fact, he walked into a police station and asked for police protection. Why? Because he noticed he was being shadowed and feared they were Mossad (Israeli secret service) agents out to get him. He had a solid cover — an authentic Algerian passport issued in the name of Abdelkader Saadi, electronics engineer — and thought he could escape his pursuers in this way. But he was mistaken. The men shadowing him were DST inspectors, who had been well informed, and knew who they were dealing with. A revealing attitude of a man who thought he was important enough to be Mossad's potential target.

Two and a half months later, a man coming from Ljubljana (Yugoslavia) was arrested by Italian customs near the Trieste-Opicina border crossing. He had a railway ticket for Ljubljana-Rome.

Lyons to "loaf about the city" and "visit cafes and restaurants". The DST investigators let him glimpse they knew more and that this defence just did not hold any water. Abdallah then fell back on his second cover: "I'm an Arab revolutionary of Algerian nationality... My job was to get the members of my organisation, the Revolutionary Movement of Arab Union (MRUA), out of France... The network's permanent members as well as the logistical back-up have already been evacuated... These people were placed in position to determine and identify Israeli and American targets, but

in northern Lebanon, and especially of his brothers (Maurice, Robert, Joseph and Fakim — the last, who was a naturalised French citizen, died mysteriously in Paris in 1983). His movement appears to have relations with non-Palestinian terrorist groups, especially the Red Brigades and Action Directe." The Lyons magistrates are categorical: "As the inquiry shows, Georges Abdallah is the driving force behind the terrorist group he heads; he picks the targets and looks after the supply of explosives and weapons and finds the safe houses."

It has also been shown that he

An investigation by Georges Marlon and Edwy Plenel

travelled around using at least five different passports (Melrose, two Moroccan, on Algerian and a South Yemeni) under a variety of names (Alex, Skondora, Michel Saad, Georges Heddd, Abbas, etc.); that between 1981 and 1984 he travelled very frequently between France, Yugoslavia, Cyprus, Italy, Switzerland and Spain; that his stays in Paris, in particular, coincided with the dates of FARL terrorist attacks; that he frequently changed hotels and rented, through third parties, several apartments and self-contained flats.

What did the police find on Abdallah's person and in the apartments he lived in? Lists of Israeli and Jewish organisations and associations, names of prominent Jewish figures, street maps of cities (Rome, Bern, Saragossa, Nicosia). Above all, they discovered a veritable arsenal as a result of the search made on April 2, 1985 of the flat he rented at No 18, Rue Lacroix in the 17th arrondissement of Paris (discovered by tracing the circuit taken by the rent payments — credit transfers from the Universal Bank of Geneva to a real estate agency account at the Crédit du Nord in Paris: 97 cskes of 100 francs, a 2.5 kg cake of Semtex H, three detonators, six RDX propellants, a one-kilo cake of explosive, two Skorpion CZ 7.65mm submachine-guns, a CZ 7.65mm machine-pistol, 158 rounds of 7.65mm ammunition, two walkie-talkies, a remote-controlled detonating device, a radio receiver fitted out for remote control activation, pencils converted for use as detonators...)

These are very precisely summarised in the Lyons prosecutor's written indictment, which was prepared for Abdallah's hearing in July. "Since 1980 he has been running the FARL, which is composed primarily of residents of the cities of Kobayat and Andakt

the organisation realised it wasn't expedient to hit such objectives given the present political environment."

The DST then tried to push the advantage by questioning him on the "similarities" between the "MRUA's targets" and the FARL's victims. To no purpose: "The MRUA is not connected at all to the FARL... the basic difference is that MRUA is interested in Israeli and American targets to discover who they are preparing against us, while FARL strikes at their objectives." In other words, he was claiming to be a political operative, not a military man. But this defence was ripped apart by the mass of damning discoveries the DST amassed in its painstaking investigation into Swiss bank accounts and Paris hideouts.

To take the case of another of your recent killers, General Vernon Walters, did he really only get nothing from France?

Nothing. He came to take stock of the situation in the Mediterranean and the measures adopted in Europe, especially at the EEC level, for fighting terrorism. He didn't seem to me to be disappointed by the Europeans on this point. He also spoke of Chad. You know what our position is on that.

Defence Minister André Giraud's position?

I think M Giraud's position is the same as mine, that is, that France intervened in Chad at the Chad government's request and has maintained a disposition on the ground there for aiding it if necessary. We support the political reunification of Chad, where the situation has temporarily stabilised. But we remain very vigilant because Libyan infiltration could occur.

Did General Walters speak to you about terrorist actions which the Americans think are sponsored by Gadaffi?

He didn't mention any particular action. But it's clear Washington was expecting a resurgence of terrorist activity. (September 8)

"quality" of the organisation forged by Abdallah become evident from this exhaustive investigation. As is evident from the "fals but genuine" passports, it is a network which functioned with state support. What this means is that the FARL worked for a section of the Syrian government and Georges Hebaash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). Born in 1961 in Tripoli, Georges Ibrahim Abdallah was from his young days an activist in the Syrian People's Party, a Lebanese party dedicated to Greater Syria. He left it to join Palestinian movements, particularly the PFLP, where he is supposed to have had the rank of major and to be on friendly terms with Hnabsh.

What is unique about this organisation is that it is a family network and its members have a thorough knowledge of Europe, especially France. All the FARL members so far identified are close to the Abdallah family, which is of Christian origin. Apart from El Mounssori and Abdo (sentenced respectively to 15 and 16 years in jail in Italy), there are Jacques Esber, Ferial Daher, Salim El Khoury, Maurice Abdallah (he has still not been found). When Gilles Peyrolles, the director of the French Cultural Centre in Tripoli was kidnapped by the FARL in March 1985 in a bid to obtain the release of its fellow members, he found himself confronted by El Khoury, Robert and Maurice Abdallah as well as Esber, said to be the group's "brains".

All of them speak very good French. Abdallah, who prides himself on his Marxist culture, kept company with the Red Brigades in the '70s. He set up a "broad-ranging" network, making himself out to be a political man, and winning over French extreme-left circles in Grenoble especially. He gave his network a name similar to West Germany's Red Army Fraction. In short, he knows how to pour himself into the mould of European terrorism. He is an important and able figure. In short he is a "cadre" of international terrorism.

The police investigation has however uncovered only the tip of the iceberg. For instance, FARL has claimed responsibility only for targeted actions, particularly against American and Israeli diplomats and secret service agents. The discovery of important stocks of explosives proves that it did not restrict itself to this role. The Lyons prosecutor's office points out that "in all probability all of the caches planted by FARL have not been discovered." What's more, the contents of the cache of weapons and explosives found on the Rue Lacroix had been "handed" since Abdallah's arrest in 1984, as was shown by a copy of the Paris daily, Le Quotidien de Paris, dated January 28, 1985 which was found there.

A logistical infrastructure which has not yet been unearthed and has probably been involved in some of these latest terrorist attacks. (September 10)

the organisation realised it wasn't expedient to hit such objectives given the present political environment."

The DST then tried to push the advantage by questioning him on the "similarities" between the "MRUA's targets" and the FARL's victims. To no purpose: "The MRUA is not connected at all to the FARL... the basic difference is that MRUA is interested in Israeli and American targets to discover who they are preparing against us, while FARL strikes at their objectives." In other words, he was claiming to be a political operative, not a military man. But this defence was ripped apart by the mass of damning discoveries the DST amassed in its painstaking investigation into Swiss bank accounts and Paris hideouts.

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Continued on page 13

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Claude Berri's new film, "Jean de Florette", which was released in Paris on August 27, stars Yves Montand as grandpa César Soubeyran, a patriarchal figure as rugged as the Provencal maquis.

For the film, Montand has been aged 15 years, with heavy make-up, his natural wrinkles highlighted with pencil, a briefly grizzled moustache and a sweat in a patina suggests a lifetime of hard work and sweat in a torrid climate, he looks disconcertingly like Gaston Monniet.

Montand's transition, as an actor, from middle to old age seems to have been achieved effortlessly, and apparently without any regrets. One wonders what prompted him to take such an important and irreversible step. Why had he agreed to play the part of César?

WHEN did you first discover Marcel Pagnol's universe?

In "Marius" (1931), the first film scripted by him that I saw. With typical conceit, people in the South of France immediately got the impression that thanks to Pagnol the whole world had begun to revolve around La Canebière in Marseilles and the celebrated sardina which allegedly blocked the harbour entrance.

I myself, though from the Midi, thought it had all got a bit out of hand. Henri Albert (a Marseillais actor and writer at light opera) was reportedly "enjoying a triumph in Paris" — but he wasn't, he was just being successful. Another Marseillais, Vincent Scotto, was "the world's greatest composer". No he wasn't — but his unique naivety was refreshing. I found I had to fight such southern exaggerations when we began shooting "Jean de Florette".

Daniel Auteuil, is superb as Ugolin, and who comes from Avignon, agreed with me. We took care not to pile on the southern accent. In any case, when you sit down and read Pagnol, the accent emerges naturally because of the sing-song way he writes.

You must have met Pagnol when you were in music-hall or in Marseilles?

Yes, in 1942. Pagnol owned his own studios there. He also ran a magazine, Les Cahiers du Film, in which I read that he was looking for extras for "Le Fils du Puisatier". You were asked to bring your own "wardrobe".

I packed my little cardboard suitcase and turned up with my stage costume — a large and very long check sports jacket which my brother-in-law persuaded me to buy at Thierry's, "the well-dressed man's outfitter".

As for my part, all you can see on the screen is my back. I was used as a marker for a tracking shot. But I was quite oblivious to what was going on. The spotlights were on my face and I was in seventh heaven: I was making a film!

That evening, I was introduced to Pagnol in the rushes room. I sang him three songs and did a few impersonations. After that, I didn't see him again immediately.

But he was best man at your wedding, wasn't he?

It was Simone who had kept in contact with Pagnol's wife, Jacqueline. They'd been at school together. And when Simone worked for a time at Harcourt the photographer, she met Jacqueline who had come to have a set of studio portraits taken. Then the Pagnols bought a house near Venice, and we saw each other regularly after that.

He was an extraordinary talker, just as captivating as Picasso, or Sartre, or Prévert — other people I've known. Pagnol had been a schoolteacher and it showed: he talked as though he was talking to his pupils — or maybe that was only how he acted with me. But anyway I learned a lot from him. And he was amusing too.

There were two stories of his which I wanted to direct, since he thought he was too old to direct them himself. One was a kind of

No doubt, too, because he wanted to demonstrate resoundingly that a possible future candidate for the French Presidency (which Montand has hinted he might be) is primarily and enduringly, a great actor. But certainly because he wanted a slice of the action in one of the biggest blockbusters in French cinema history, a movie with an eight-month shooting schedule and a budget of 110 million francs (about £11 million).

The story of Berri's ambitious film began back in 1952, when Pagnol, a film-maker as well as a novelist, shot "Manon des Sources". Ten years later, he published two novels, "Jean de Florette" and "Manon des Sources", which returned to and expanded on the theme of his film — the story landscape and emotions of Provence.

Claude Berri has adapted Pagnol's two novels for the screen. "Manon des Sources", the sequel to "Jean de Florette", will be released in November and also stars Montand.

Danièle Heymann interviewed Yves Montand at his Paris flat in the Place Dauphine — the home he shared with Simone Signoret until her death earlier this year. His only reference to that sad event in his life was an affectionate gesture towards the sofa where she used to sit, a shrug, and the words: "Life goes on."

Montand comes to terms with the advancing years

prototype of "La Guerre du Feu", and the other described the adventures of an itinerant photographer who travels round the markets of Provence.

But did you never think of acting in a Pagnol play or film yourself?

Marcel asked me if I'd be interested in appearing in a stage version of "Marius", and later of "La Femme du Bouleanger". I turned him down. By the way, Michel Ocalbreu, who did it in the end, gave a really great performance and earned well-deserved success.

You haven't been in a film for three years, not since Claude Sauter's "Garçon", which was a turning-point. Now you're back, but in a film where you have been made to look 15 years older. Are you going through the same process as Jean Gabin in "Touchez pas ou Crispi" (1954)? Does your role in "Jean de Florette" herald the start of another successful career?

I myself have no desire whatever to start playing a series of grandfathers. Commonsense tells me to give up acting altogether. It's a profession which causes, and has always caused, me such agony that I think it really must be time to call it a day.

In the cinema the aim is to get as close as possible to the truth of the character. You put on a set of clothes — César Soubeyran's heavy corduroy jacket, for example — but you really have to clothe yourself from within. And you're never quite sure you're going to pull it off.

Everyone revelled about how thin I got for my part in "L'Avant". But that's not the point. Any idiot can lose a few pounds. But injecting life into a character, keeping up the momentum, equalling people's expectations of you, to the fee you're getting, to your public image, is quite a different matter. And even then the cinema is nothing compared with a one-man show.

For the first three weeks of my last show at the Olympia, in 1981, I swear to you I wished every evening I'd break my leg, so I'd have an excuse not to go on stage. It was because I was afraid, physically afraid.

It's never been easy for me. I even have difficulty in keeping time. When I sang "C'est si bon", I had to count in my head: "C'est si bon, deux, trois, quatre, un...". "Whew, you mean it didn't show? How nice of you. But when it comes down to it, I won't really cut out for the job. I'll never understand how a son and grandson of peasants, like myself, ended up on the boards.

Have there been "periods" or "stages" in your career?

Yes, one grows old in stages. Our friend Louis de Funès used to compare life to a little theatre

Danièle Heymann talks to Yves Montand

where, every 10 years, a new curtain is raised — one green, one yellow, one blue, and then finally a black curtain falls. I was shattered when I turned 40, then had a wonderful summer when I was 53, the year that "César et Rosalie" came out.

Then, well, at 60 you just have



Montand brings a red rose to Simone Signoret's funeral.

to accept yourself as you are. When I gave my last show at the Olympia, I felt the need to be strict with myself. I saved my energies, spent the whole day lying down, watching what I ate, doing a bit of walking to improve my breathing, so I could give all of myself when the time came in the evening. One should never forget that the public is like a girl of 18 or 20, and quite legitimately very demanding.

I've decided to heed the danger signals, even if I still feel up to doing certain things. So I can't really see myself doing another show in France. One performance, yes. And perhaps the tour I've been promising myself for ages — the backwoods of America, countries I've never sung in, like Egypt or Israel.

Are you satisfied with your physical?

I've never liked either my physique or my "nice working-class fellow" side. I know that deep inside me I can be as nice and as nasty as anyone else; but I don't like playing "nice" characters. I had no choice, though, as that was what was expected of me.

To a certain extent I had the same problem as Marilyn Monroe, who was obliged to play dumb blondes because of the high girlish voice that issued from her superb body.

When you were type-cast as the "singing prodigy", were you already active politically?

I've been involved in politics for 20 years now. It's not some passing fancy. Both in my so-called committed songs and in certain political films, my position didn't use to be very different from what it is today.

Things were more straightforward then. You were labelled as a leftwinger.

That's no reason to label me as a rightwinger now. Or to think I went to become President of France. The question I ask myself is this: to make my voice heard, must I necessarily make a bid for the Presidency? It's as simple as that.

If joining the electoral nêlée

means I can cut this or that politician down to size, then count me in. Imagine me and Le Pen. I'd like to be able to say to him: "You're a coward, sir. When one is an anti-Semite or a racist one should admit to being one."

But for the moment I'm happy to go on record as saying that some members of the present government are doing a fine job, like Philippe Séguin, Alain Juppé and Philippe Mahaut. I see no reason, either, why Philippe de Villiers should get so much stick. It is because he is a devout Catholic? I respect his opinions even if you don't agree with them.

But I also recognise that some members of the previous Socialist Government, such as Jacques Delors, Pierre Bérégovoy and Jack Lang were good. Lang is perhaps a bit too feisty, but he did some very good things for culture. I only hope that his successor, François Léotard, does as much.

There is bound to be much inquiry into all this in the days ahead; there will be sustained efforts by journalists and politicians and others to establish just what the bargaining was about and whether the American government did the right thing and got the best deal. There are many serious questions, and it will be useful to know more. The only thing we can say with certainty just now is that, glad that Nick Daniloff is out of Lefortovo, we hope, and trust, that the deal that got him out is better than it looks.

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The Washington Post

The Daniloff Deal Genesis Of A Diplomatic Fiasco

By Walter Pincus and David B. Ottaway

NO ONE could look at the pictures of the Soviets' American hostage Nicholas Daniloff exulting in his transfer out of Lefortovo prison and not share in his gratitude and relief. Almost two weeks in his eight-by-ten-foot cell, cut off from contact with family and countrymen except by his jailers' occasional leave, subject to continuous surveillance and repeated, prolonged interrogation by his KGB captors, Mr. Daniloff, the Moscow correspondent for U.S. News & World Report, is immeasurably better off out of prison than he was in it.

But he is still the victim of a cynical and outrageous frame-up. And he is still a hostage. The only way the United States was able to gain his release from prison, it seems, was to acquiesce in this hostage status and to become in some degree a guarantor of it. This is awfully uncomfortable. In explanation it is said that Mr. Daniloff's health was at risk under the conditions of his imprisonment, that the deal is essentially the same one that was made to gain the release of another American in similar circumstances a few years back, that a kind of pre-arranged series of face-saving steps will in fact lead to Nick Daniloff's release from captivity and that in the imperfect and unbalanced, if not downright rotten, world of U.S.-Soviet dealings, this is the sort of thing you sometimes have to do.

There is bound to be much inquiry into all this in the days ahead; there will be sustained efforts by journalists and politicians and others to establish just what the bargaining was about and whether the American government did the right thing and got the best deal. There are many serious questions, and it will be useful to know more. The only thing we can say with certainty just now is that, glad that Nick Daniloff is out of Lefortovo, we hope, and trust, that the deal that got him out is better than it looks.

Foreign Policy? What Foreign Policy?

WASHINGTON — The Reagan administration hasn't ruled out a trade to free Nicholas Daniloff. Officials hope the Daniloff case won't disrupt arms-control talks or the summit. Oops. Wait a minute. Scratch that. The Daniloff case is an affront to human decency. There can be no talk of a trade for Daniloff. Er, sorry. Did we say no trade? Perhaps an "interim" trade is acceptable.

Libya's Moammar Gadhafi is planning new terrorist attacks against the United States and the Reagan administration is reeling plans for a military retaliation. Whoo! Hold on. Correction. The administration isn't planning military action. Intelligence reports about Libya are inconclusive.

President Reagan is finally prepared for a "grand compromise" on arms control. He will accept limits on strategic defense in exchange for deep cuts in Soviet offensive missiles. Wait. Sorry. No, he isn't. A trade-off of Star Wars is out of this question. The president remains fully committed to SDI.

These are the sounds of an administration spinning its wheels on foreign policy. Indeed, after reviewing the past month's record of statements and retractions on key issues, a reasonable person might ask whether the administration is conducting a foreign policy at all these days. The answer is yes, but it's a strange sort of policy.

The Reagan administration's foreign policy might best be described as "ad-hocism." Far from being the rigid application of ideology that liberal critics feared, the Reagan foreign policy has proved to be something quite different: an ad-hoc process of trial and error, of alternating hard-line and soft-line statements, of proposals that are run up the flagpole to see who salutes.

It is foreign policy by public opinion poll, and in many ways, it works. The country is happy. Usually it gets what it wants. Reagan's ad-hocism has its virtues. When Ford and Carter became an embarrassment to the United States this year, Reagan pulled the plug on his old friend.

When public support eroded for American involvement in Lebanon in 1984, Reagan bailed out. It's hard to imagine this president

WASHINGTON — It started as just another episode in the covert battle between rival intelligence services over the rules of the "spy game" and suddenly mushroomed into a confrontation of major diplomatic proportions that neither side apparently wanted or anticipated.

With no show of concern for the possible political fallout on pre-summit jockeying, the FBI on Aug. 23 arrested Gennadi Zakharov, a low-level Soviet spy recruiter winding up a four-year tour of duty with the United Nations in New York. He was jailed without bail and charged with espionage after taking three classified documents from an FBI collaborator he had been cultivating as a source.

A week later, the Soviets retaliated, acting with apparent symmetry, by seizing and imprisoning American correspondent Nicholas Daniloff, who was ending a 5-year stint in Moscow for U.S. News &

World Report. Daniloff was surrounded by KGB agents moments after he was handed an envelope containing two films marked "secret" by a Russian he thought was a friend.

In the ensuing two weeks, the Reagan administration issued a series of muddled and sometimes conflicting statements about its reaction to Daniloff's arrest and what it intended to do.

At first, it did not rule out the possibility of some kind of deal, then rejected any trade, but finally accepted equal treatment as "an interim step." On Friday, both Daniloff and Zakharov were released into custody of their respective ambassadors.

By accepting the Soviet suggestion to release both men, the Reagan administration has temporarily defused the tension. But its handling of the issue has evoked a torrent of criticism from allies as

well as foes on Capitol Hill, with conservatives inside and outside the administration charging it has sold out on the president's own promise of "no trade," or will do so if it cannot win Daniloff's freedom without a trade for Zakharov.

"Could you imagine what we (conservatives) would be doing if Jimmy Carter had done this?" remarked one Reagan political appointee Saturday. "Impeachment would be too easy."

Initially, the two nations' security services, the FBI and the KGB, appeared to be calling the shots. In the U.S. top political ladders were either on vacation or apparently unaware decisions were being taken that clearly might upset the larger U.S.-Soviet relationship; the same may have been true in Moscow.

After embarrassment over the Walker family spy ring, the mishandling last fall of the Soviet defector Vitali Yurchenko, a KGB agent who defected and then went back home, and then the defection of ex-CIA agent Edward L. Howard to the Soviets, the Reagan administration and particularly the FBI was under considerable pressure to recoup against the Soviets.

One well-publicized response was the FBI's apprehension early this summer of the Soviet air attaché here as he was caught in the act of picking up classified documents. He was quickly expelled.

The arrest of Zakharov, remarked one Senate intelligence committee source, was "done for domestic consumption to show we are really doing something and the United States is on top of this spy thing."

Now President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev have asserted personal control. Reagan is clearly seeking to limit the diplomatic impact of the arrests on pre-summit diplomacy, and Soviet spokesmen say repeatedly they consider this arrests a minor matter. But the secret war between rival secret services continues, with the release of the two men temporarily caught up in that diplomacy.

By all accounts, the decision to have the FBI hand Zakharov a package of classified documents and then arrest him after three years of surveillance was handled as a routine matter. There was no inter-agency disagreement or hesitation over the action, and the officials involved recognized that some form of Soviet retaliation was likely, according to administration officials.

There appears to have been no discussion about implications of jailing Zakharov, apparently a key step in the eyes of the Soviets, which Justice Department sources said was handled under a Reagan administration policy that all East bloc citizens arrested for espionage be held without bail.

Zakharov's lawyer later complained that this was a brook with past precedent in the handling of such cases.

Administration officials insist the decision to arrest Zakharov was approved at a "very high level" within the government, as one put it, and that the inter-agency discussions prior to the decision "took into account the possibility of retaliation." But

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(David Ignatius is an associate editor of The Washington Post.)

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The Yo-yo Market

Mexico And The Bankers

LETTER

The KAL Shootdown

Arthur Batt,
Stevenson Wa
Howick,
New Zealand.

"To us, it doesn't matter how you win power," one party official said.

Declamations of Waugh

By Polly Toynbee

ON THE cover of his book *Auberon Waugh* appears, glass of port in hand, leaning against the column of a small gazebo while behind him, our great institutions burn. The book is to the ground by the author's classes, wimmin, panto, in his Alternative Britain, a band of civilised English are beleaguered by overrunning barbarian hordes of blacks, bores, social workers, Jews, blacks, the proletariat and, above all, Shirley Williams, whom he holds responsible for all the above.

What chance would an interviewer from the Guardian stand against such a man? To take him seriously is to invite the accusation of predictable humourlessness. But is he to be dismissed as nothing more than a venial hack, or a joke, if something of a bad joke?

"Well, one does ham it up," he says when asked if he really means what he writes. But yes, he does mean it, mostly. A collection of his Spectator articles is published this month. Taken together, they make a pretty unpalatable read — spiteful, snobbish, nasty, arrogant — essentially serious but lightly disguised with an icing of jokes.

"One," as he would say, was in two minds about whether to meet him or just to write what "one" thought about him. Disarmingly charming, I was warned. Indeed he is affable enough, polite, a little shy, certainly not fierce. His voice, clipped and precise, is studiously old-fashioned — a voice from the BBC sound archives. Interviewing him in the tiny office of the Literary Review, the magazine he now edits, in a room full of his young staff was not easy.

"Certainly I see proletarian culture as a threat," he says. "Everywhere proletarian appetites are prevailing. It's not a capitalist conspiring to give them pap. If they wanted something else they'd be given it. Of course one protects one's own appetites and amusements. A docker in Liverpool wants more of what he likes — sausage and mash and all that..." he says waving his hands in the air. (Is the anachronism of the Liverpool docker deliberate?)

He is the elitist who dares to speak his name. Waugh is no longer a maverick, but he has the nerve to write down what is being said over a hundred influential dinner tables at night in London. What he prints boldly is to be heard in the bars and on the terraces of the House of Commons among Tory back benches of the on/off tendency. The wiser among the rightwing establishment may moderate their tones in public, but Waugh prints what they only dare to say privately among themselves.

Waugh, the clown, gives heart to the bores and the selfish who laugh with him as he writes that there is no need to feed or house the poor, for they are mostly imbeciles and idlers. Government must save the elite from the clutches of the ignorant masses. God Christians need only look to their own private salvation and not worry about the plight of others. All government spending is folly; the money always fetches up in the purses of the social workers and not the poor. Interfering with man's natural inequality is absurd, dangerous and impossible. All things modern are an abomination. Long live the past.

"But I am not a political person," he claims, perversely. "I have a hatred of all politicians. They are all mad. All have a serious character failing." He curls his lip and mimics as he says: "They talk of idealism, wanting to create a

Better Britain for many of Shirley Williams' special dastardness. As long as there is breath in my body I shall seek to punish, torment, buminate and ridicule this loathsome pig-headed woman for the damage she has done to her country." His excuse is her time as education Minister when she closed the last few grammar schools.

"She removed," he writes, "any prospect the working class child might ever have had of improving himself, escaping from the miserable proletarian rut which the workers create for themselves wherever they have the upper hand." But there is more to his loathing than a laudable if unexpected concern for the welfare of working class children.

"Yes," he admits, she is a symbol for him. "She has done more harm to this country than Hitler." How? "She symbolises Decent, Reasonable, Middle-of-the-Road England, believing truth lies in compromise and common sense. And she always got it wrong. She has that ghastly sincere way of talking. I can't stand it." Would he have hated her so much if she'd been a man? "No, probably not," he moderates, he says, are the ones who hates. Extremists of any persuasion he tolerates.



Auberon Waugh

"There's no doubt her view is a Nicer, Kinder, Cosier view, where problems have solutions and the world can be made a Better Place." He sneers as he speaks and goes on to imply there is something so much more noble about facing the harsh reality of a world where nothing can be improved. In the next breath he says: "I'm really bothered if they go and put up the income tax again."

The book's blurb says Waugh's work "invites comparison with that of Jonathan Swift." But he belongs to a more disreputable tradition of British journalism — the professional "controversialist." It doesn't matter what he says, doesn't matter how true or false it is, doesn't matter if he believes it himself or not, so long as he keeps on shocking the readers. Facts are few and far between in his pieces — not, I suspect, from any endemic laziness in the man, but from a fear that a fact or two might confuse his prejudices.

"I like to stand against the prevailing orthodoxy," he says, casting himself in a somewhat heroic mould. But, after seven years of Conservative Government, his views have become very nearly the prevailing orthodoxy of the present establishment. "Yes," he says, "it is rather less funny to say what I say now. Seeing my views appear in Sun and News of the World leaders is no fun at all. One doesn't like to bear stupid people holding one's views." He says he detects himself, as a result,

becoming increasingly liberal in recent articles, saobbory driving him away from his allies, recoiling in disgust from his own supporters. He is The Spectator's figurehead, its jester, and The Spectator, like him, represents the old fashioned Christian reactionary right, rather than the "radical" right of Thatcher, Tebbit and the Institute of Economic Affairs. The reactionaries now, however, have become so triumphant and extreme that there is little to separate them from the "radicals". In except a snobbish distaste for Poulardist shopkeepers from Grantham.

He lives for half the week in a large mansion in Somerset, which he does not own but eight wine cellars. He plans to retire when the cellars are full, in five years or so. He has four children and a wife who, he says, takes no particular exception to his writings. (He appears in this book to be broadly in favour of marital rape and wife-beating.) He attacks anything to do with feminism. "If you scratch me hard enough, you might find that I do think it better for family life for a man to go out to work and for his wife to stay at home and look after the children, unjust though that may be."

An English gentleman is what he aspires to be, and he writes frequently of that state. He boasts of his inheritance of blue blood from the ancient line of Herthorpe on his mother's side. But most of his readers must be more keenly aware of his inheritance on his father's side. He effects his father's views — the snobbery, the Catholicism, the hatred of the unmet, and the socially and culturally inferior. Evelyn Waugh was perhaps Britain's greatest novelist this century. He was a tortured, self-hating man, revealing episodes of madness in one book, all of which perhaps explained at least a part of his rude, violent, snobbish behaviour — the wound that powered the bow.

Poor Byron is not a Randolph to a Winston. He spies the outward bluster, the obnoxious views, the religion, the ennobling, the devotion to an ancient regime of which he was a member. But underneath, on the evidence of his writings, one suspects there is no tortured self-hate — only a man rather pleased with himself, complacent in his obnoxiousness. No wounds here, and only a tiny bow.

He is a disappointment even in the terms of his own writing. He describes himself several times as a "practitioner of the vituperative arts." But curiously his range of epithets is mainly limited to the prep school of the 1940s. His vocabulary of insults consists of unilluminating generalities — ghastly, horrible, silly, boring, disgusting, odious, repulsive, hideous and godlike-goodie.

Of course, his journalism looks worse collected together, for it is frequently repetitious — same jokes, same anecdotes. He can be very funny — but by the end of the book there isn't much to laugh at. The underlying enmity about his own cultural values leaves a nasty taste, and the sheer selfishness and contempt for all those not of his class palls once the shock wears off.

Meeting him was a disappointment, not to find a monster, or a brute, but only a rather weak and seedy sort of man, who, despite everything, seemed to want to please. His friends tell me that he is really rather thin skinned and vulnerable. He has no right to be, and it only adds cowardice to his catalogue of vices.

Another Voice, an Alternative Anatomy of Britain by Auberon Waugh is published by Firehorn Press, £9.95.

Exile and the kingdom

By Waldemar Januszczak

THERE were a million stories in the naked city of London during the Blitz and of course Ludwig Meidner was just one of them. But what a sad and peculiar story it was.

Before the war Meidner had been a noted painter and teacher of art in his native Germany. In Paris as a student he had been a close friend of Modigliani. In Germany Max Beckmann was his nearest supporter.

Successful, wealthy, Jewish, Meidner was 56 when war drove him into exile in London and as a part-time caretaker in a morgue. During air raids he would sketch the corpses in his care. His portraits were then shown to relatives to help them identify the dead. On his return to Germany, Meidner lived out his life in various old people's homes, and died forgotten.

This is the same Ludwig Meidner whose contribution to the recent survey of German Art in the 20th Century, at the Royal Academy, was one of the show's great successes, a painter of dark, apocalyptic landscapes with huge ambitions. Meidner's smouldering wasteland were determined to stand for the spiritual state of the whole of Europe.

The same Meidner's sweaty, caretaker's face stares out at you with real force near the start of Art in Exile in Great Britain, 1933-45, a sad collection of broken life-stories and crudely scrambled aesthetics. War, like love, is a great and cruel leveller. That is the point made over and over again. Almost every artist in the show was an artist of note in Germany before Hitler's rise. Almost all of them came from a comfortable Jewish bourgeois home. Few avoided the aesthetic oblivion that greets and traps the artist in exile.

Some of their stories are now well known enough to have taken on a spurious romantic glow. Kurt Schwitters' obscure life and death in the Lake District has been enshrined in artistic folklore. He is the only major 20th century artist to have died in Britain and nobody even knew he was here.

Schwitters is hardly noticeable in the main body of the exhibition, represented by some of the dull realistic portraits with which he scratched out a living. But then, right at the end, in a tiny modernist enclave he shares with Naum Gabo, a choice selection of his collages and merz-works for the story of Art in Exile to run parallel for a moment with the story of modern art.

While Ludwig Meidner sketched corpses the constructivist Naum Gabo continued his pre-war search for the perfect curved grid. Gabo's delicate snow-white abstraction sits uncomfortably on the edge of the show like a dove among crows. Unlike most of his co-exhibitors Gabo was taken up and sheltered by the English avant-garde which is otherwise conspicuous by its absence here, both as an influence and as a support. Dominated by the polite French aesthetes championed by Roger Fry, British modernism stuck its silly Bloomsbury nose in the air and ignored the tough German realism which dominates these proceedings.

Herman Fachenbach is still alive, still working in isolation, still in England. Why he was never allowed to become a great post-war political caricaturist only the wilful gods of exile know. Fachenbach's line is as sharp as a blade. It attacks the image of

Hitler like a guard-dog savaging a burglar.

The state of exile imposes aesthetic equality as drastically as it imposes the material variety. Interned on the Isle of Man in the ramshackle prison camp of Hutchinson Square, surrounded by barbed wire fences and jerry-built huts, the modernist architect Bruno Ahrends dreamed up a scheme for a futuristic high-rise rebuilding of Douglas. He then proposed a series of tower-block seaside resorts for the bombed coastal towns.

Leszlo Moholy-Nagy, who also arrived in Britain with a set of lofty Bauhaus ideals held firmly in his grasp, had to resort to the and to taking photographs of Eton schoolboys and illustrating The Streetmarkets of London.

But if Art in Exile's main ambition was to underline just how much great artistic talent was forced into Britain by the Nazis, it would, I think, have to be deemed unsuccessful. Schwitters is the only major artistic figure to play an important part in the show. Kokoschka, Heartfield, Grosz, Bruer, Moholy-Nagy make little more than token appearance.

Instead the organisers have deliberately concentrated on the less well known artists and it is they who give Art in Exile its dark, moiré life-stories and crudely scrambled aesthetics.

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Fachenbach's caricature of Hitler, 1945.

Moholy-Nagy, Grosz, Bruer were so dismayed by the lack of encouragement they received in Britain that they all moved on to America quickly to revolutionise architecture and design.

Others like Fachenbach and F. H. K. Henrich whose belligerent, attention-grabbing poems are among the show's major redoubts, were either ignored, largely or diverted into academia, where they spluttered away, pleasantly but impotently.

Thus the final observation made by this dark and furtive show is not that much talent was saved but that a great opportunity was wasted.

Art in Exile at the Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, London NW3, until October 6.

Driven to the arms of a devil

THEATRE by Michael Billington

ANY lingering suspicion that Alao Ayckbourn is a boulevard lightweight should be ruthlessly dispelled by *Woman Is Mind at the Vaudeville*. It is about female frustration, despair, and madness and shows its heroine torn between reality and fantasy. God and the Devil. Yet, without trivialising its subject, it also manages to be very funny. Much improved since its Scarborough premiere last year, it goes even further than just between Our-elves in pushing Ayckbourn's Comedy of Pain to its extremist limits.

Julia McKenzie plays (superbly) Susan, a middle-aged woman concussed by a blow on the head from a garden-rake. In the real world, she is tormented by the insufferable amnesia of her vicar-husband, the lousy cooking and paranormous enthusiasms of her sister-in-law, and the unbroken silence of her son, who is part of a Trappist order in Hemel Hempstead.

After her concussion, she is prey to visitations from a fantasy-family for whom she is the perfect wife, mother, and sister. Britain's leading historical novelist and a cherished figure to be fêted with Dom Perignon 1978 in mid-morning. What makes the play technically adventurous and spiritually unnerving is that Ayckbourn allows the two worlds to collide on Susan finally spirals into total madness.

As our leading feminist dramatist, Ayckbourn is obviously writing about what happens to women when they are made to feel redundant as wives and mothers. "Sex," Susan says to her husband, "was once something we did together like gardening — now I have to do that on my own as well."

Much of the play's comedy springs from the vivid hideousness of Susan's surroundings: the unspeakable husband who has neglected her for the sake of a 60-page history of the parish since 1386 and the appalling sister-in-law who sprinkles Earl Grey tea on the omelettes and who puts a visiting doctor to flight at the

prospect of her dessert.

Ayckbourn is clearly writing about what drives women to distraction. But just as Way Upstream was a fable about evil, so this play, I believe, is really about the failings of modern religion. Susan's husband has turned the church into a specialised antiquarian interest. Her sister-in-law is the victim of psychic self-delusion and believes her dad husband is inscribing messages on her ceiling. And Susan's son represents a cranky, narcissistic sectarianism. Felled by God's representatives and Christian love, Susan literally flees into the arms of the Devil; and, although Ayckbourn is no Teilhard de Chardin, his play is quite astonishing in even airing spiritual issues on the degraded West End stage.

It is a much deeper play than it looks. It also works far better on a proscenium-stage than in-the-round because it is easier to establish the sheer otherness of Susan's alternative world: Roger Glossop's set and David Horsey's lighting create a sinister, seductive, J. M. Barrie-like ambience full of recording players, marble statuary, Byzantine mazes. Ayckbourn's favourite set, a garden, turns from secret paradise into living nightmare.

Julia McKenzie also brings to Susan an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness, longing, hope, despair. Her face offers a total map of her emotions: one sees the light dim in her eyes as her son cruelly tells her she would have ruined any daughter as well. It is the performance of her career; and she is admirably abetted by Martin Jarvis as the cardiganed vicar who talks in italics as if he has a portable pulpit and by Peter Blythe as the secretly admiring doctor who hides his emotions behind a guilty, nervous bark.

Maybe Ayckbourn (who directs with utter assurance) hasn't quite cracked the problem of the surreal climax. What is remarkable is that our most popular playwright has written a savage tragic-comedy about the light that failed.

A rich reward

SOMETHING rich and strange is currently taking place at the Drill Hall in Chancery Street: a production by Tara Arts of The Broken Thigh, written in the 4th century BC by the Sanskrit playwright Shana and itself based upon the great Indian epic, the Mahabharata. In its epic form and non-realistic style, it offers a radical alternative to most of the theatre available in London. It is also, frankly, a good way of familiarising oneself with the story before the Peter Brook-Jean Claude Carriere version arrives in Britain next year.

For the average Western spectator it is not always easy in Bhagavata compressed version, the dynastic rivalry between the Kauravas and the Pandavas sometimes seems as inextricable as the York-Lancaster conflict in Shakespeare's Henry VI would be to many Indian audiences (a small genealogical chart in the programme might not be a bad idea). I also still have difficulty coming to terms with the figure of Krishna who is both an all-knowing god full of wise saws ("A man, live a long life, before realising the full extent of his dharma") and also someone who intervenes directly in the climactic war of destruction between the rival families. Fate determines the

outcome; but Krishna is not above giving the underdogs a heliopol hand.

Jadotter Verma's production is worth seeing, however, partly because it is so different from our conventional expectations of drama: this is narrative theatre in which a story is told through language, action, dance and spectacle. The framework is provided by Krishna recounting to the child, Duryodhana, the story of the boy's militant father, Duryodhana, "the one who is difficult to conquer".

Duryodhana is constantly at war with his cousin, the Pandavas. He strives with one of them for the hand of the beautiful Draupadi, sets up a game of dice in which he strips them of their fortune and brings about their 13-year exile in a forest and eventually provokes the destruction of the earth in a titanic climactic battle.

In Western terms, it is closer to Homer than Euripides. But Verma's production is surprisingly successful in conveying the epic arch of the story in a simple setting: a stony circle ringed by rocks and banners. For three hours (give or take the odd luncheon) you are kept watching; above all, you are reminded that outside Western realism there is a world elsewhere.

WITH THE CONTRAS, by Christopher Dickey, Faber, £12.50. TURNING THE TIDE, US INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA, by Noam Chomsky, Pluto, £5.95.

WHEN President Reagan addressed the nation recently to rally Congressional support for his \$100 million in open support for Nicaragua's contras he said on television: "I ask for your help in remembering our history in Central America so we can learn from the mistakes of the past. Too often our government appeared indifferent when democratic values were at risk..." The young man and women of the democratic resistance fight inside Nicaragua today in grueling mountain and jungle warfare... Who among us would tell these brave young men and women — your dream is dead, your democratic revolution is over, you will never live in the free Nicaragua you fought so hard to build?"

President Reagan's speech-writer clearly haven't read Christopher Dickey's detailed and nasty account of the US relationship with these pathetic or crazed individuals. Dickey was the Washington Post's correspondent in the area for nearly four years. In what seems like a string of fascination with the unholy he spent much of his time with the contras in

BOOKS

Thugs of war

By Victoria Brittain

Honduras. Men whose nicknames reveal their lives — Suicide and El Muerto — became his companions. Their records as murderers and torturers with no political ideas or plans are spelt out in appalling descriptive passages. Dickey even went into Nicaragua with them on a destructive foray which nearly cost him his life.

In Miami, Tegucigalpa and Washington, Dickey talked to the men who invented this war. He joined the CIA chief William Casey and his men on a lightning two day trip to their Central American dominions.

Later, he listened to the baffled educated Nicaraguan frontmen whom Casey's executives had paid and flattered and lied to about the only success of their war. Talking about Suleido and his men the leaders of the contras would explain to Dickey that the terrible brutality and killings were a special case "something like My Lai". Dickey knows better — My Lai only symbolised the everyday horror of

Vietnam, and Suicide, before he was finally executed for his excesses, only symbolised the everyday mindless horror of what was then called the "Secret War" in Central America.

Today it is a public war and the Congress's \$100 million is being boosted by another secret \$400 million from the CIA, according to the Senate Democratic leader Robert Byrd.

By the end of Dickey's racy narrative the reader is left baffled as to how the most powerful country in the world has allowed a key plank of its foreign policy to depend on such an ineffectual bunch of thugs.

Noam Chomsky's ambitious and wide-ranging book comes in just where Dickey leaves off. He pulls into a fascinating and coherent picture not just Reagan's contras in Nicaragua, but the foreign policy which underlies the new destructive "aid" feeding similar unwinnable wars in Angola and Mozambique.

With a similar concern to President Reagan's — of looking back at US relations with all Central America — Chomsky concentrates particularly on the background to the US backed wars in El Salvador and Nicaragua. With a wealth of detail, from US policy towards Ho Chi Minh, to the CIA's role in Guatemala in 1954, he illustrates the American pattern of turning their national enemies into Soviet clients.

The blockade against Nicaragua, like the US aid to Savimbi in Angola, runs against US trade interests, pushing the country towards dependence on the Soviet Union but also, as Chomsky puts it, in favour of a more important US interest which is "to justify an attack against Nicaragua in defence of the Fifth Freedom — (the US's freedom to rob and exploit) — a key concept in Chomsky's thought."

Chomsky's book will not, like Dickey's, be easy fashionable reading for those who enjoy mocking the outrageous lies and limited perceptions of Reagan's Washington. But in spite of its dense prose it is rich reading for anyone trying to understand how the majority in Congress came to collude with paying for squalid criminals to mutilate and murder teachers, nurses, priests and others organising peasants in Nicaragua for the dreams of education, health and the right to work for yourself.

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Declamations of Waugh

By Polly Toynbee

ON THE cover of his book Auberon Waugh appears, glass of port in hand, leaning against the column of a small gazebo while behind him our great institutions burn. The book is a collection of his essays, wimmin, wimmin be and National Front. A Britain Alternative. A wimmin band of present and future English wimmin are beleaguered by a growing barbarian horde of wimmin, boro, social workers, Jews, blacks, the proletariat and, above all, Shirley Williams, whom he holds responsible for all the above.

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Auberon Waugh

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"I like to stand against the prevailing orthodoxy," he says, casting himself in a somewhat heroic mould. But, after seven years of Conservative Government, his views have become very nearly the prevailing orthodoxy of the present establishment. "Yes," he says, "it is rather less funny to say what I say now. Seeing my views appear in Sun and News of the World, leaders are no fun at all. One doesn't like to hear stupid people holding one's views." He says he detects himself, as a result,

becoming increasingly liberal in recent articles, snobbery driving him away from his allies, recoiling in disgust from his own supporters. He is The Spectator's figurehead, its leader, and The Spectator, like him, represents the old fashioned Christian reactionary right, rather than the "radical" right of Thatcher, Tebbit and the Institute of Economic Affairs. The reactionaries now, however, have become so triumphant and extreme that there is little to separate them from the "radicals" — except a snobbish distaste for Poulantier shopkeepers from Gramscian.

He lives for half the week in a large mansion in Somerset, which has not one but eight wine cellars. He plans to retire when the cellars are full, in five years or so. He has four children and a wife who, he says, takes no particular exception to his writings. (He appears in this book to be broadly in favour of marital rape and wife-beating.)

He attacks anything to do with feminism. "If you scratch me hard enough, you might find that I do think it better for family life for a man to go out to work and for his wife to stay at home and look after the children, unjust though that may be."

An English gentleman is what he aspires to be, and he writes frequently of that state. He boasts of his inheritance of blue blood from the ancient line of Herborts on his mother's side. But most of his readers must be more keenly aware of his inheritance on his father's side. He affects his father's views — the snobbery, the Catholicism, the hatred of the unmarry, and the socially and culturally inferior. Evelyn Waugh was perhaps Britain's greatest novelist this century. He was a tortured, self-hating man, revealing episodes of madness in one book, all of which perhaps explained at least a part of his rude, violent, snobbish behaviour — the wound that powered the bow.

Poor Bron is but a Rendolph to a Winston. He ages the outward bluster, the obnoxious views, the religion, the snobbery, the devotion to an ancient regime of which he was a member. But underneath, on the evidence of his writings, one suspects there is no tortured self-hate — only a man rather pleased with himself, complacent in his obnoxiousness. No wounds here, and only a tiny bow.

He is a disappointment even in the terms of his own writing. He describes himself several times as a "practitioner of the vituperative arts." But curiously his range of epithets is mainly limited to the prep school of the 1940s. His vocabulary of insults consists of unilluminating generalities — gheistly, horrible, silly, boring, disgusting, odious, repulsive, hideous and goodie-goodie.

Of course, his journalism looks worse collected together, for it is frequently repetitious — same jokes, same anecdotes. He can be very funny — but by the end of the book one isn't much to laugh at. The underlying smugness about his own cultural values leaves a nasty taste, and the sheer selfishness and contempt for all those not of his class pale on the shock weers off.

Meeting him was a disappointment, not to a monster, or a brute, but only a rather weak and seedy sort of man, who, despite everything, seemed to want to please. His friends tell me that he is really rather thin skinned and vulnerable. He has no right to be, and it only adds cowardice to his catalogue of vices.

Another Voice, on *Alternative Anatomy of Britain* by Auberon Waugh is published by Firehorn Press, £9.95.

Exile and the kingdom

By Waldemar Januszczak

THERE were a million stories in the naked city of London during the Blitz and of course Ludwig Meidner was just one of them. But what a sad and peculiar story it was.

Before the war Meidner had been a noted painter and teacher of art in his native Germany. In Paris as a student he had been a close friend of Modigliani. In Germany Max Beckmann was his keenest supporter.

Successful, wealthy, Jewish, Meidner was 56 when war drove him into exile in London and he began his new career as a part-time caretaker in a morgue. During air raids he would sketch the corpses in his care. His portraits were then shown to relatives to help them identify the dead. On his return to Germany, Meidner lived out his life in various old people's homes, and died forgotten.

This is the same Ludwig Meidner whose contribution to the recent survey of German Art in the 20th Century, at the Royal Academy, was one of the show's great successes, a painter of dark, apocalyptic landscapes with huge ambitions. Meidner's smouldering wastelands were determined to stand for the spiritual state of the whole of Europe.

This same Meidner's sweaty, carotaker's face stares out at you with real fierceness near the start of Art in Exile in Great Britain, 1933-45, a sed collection of broken life-stories and crudely scumbled aesthetics.

War, like love, is a great and cruel leveller. That is the point made over and over again. Almost every artist in the show was an artist of note in Germany before Hitler's rise. Almost all of them came from a comfortable Jewish bourgeois home. Few avoided the aesthetic oblivion that greets and traps the artist in exile.

Some of their stories are now well known enough to have taken on a spurious romantic glow. Kurt Schwitters' obscure life and death in the Lake District has been enshrined in artistic folklore. He is the only major 20th century artist to have died in Britain and nobody even knew he was here.

Schwitters is hardly noticeable in the main body of the exhibition, represented by some of the dull realistic portraits with which he scratched out a living. But then, right at the end, in a tiny modernist enclave he shares with Naum Oabo, a choice selection of his collages andmerz-works force the story of Art in Exile to run parallel for a moment with the story of modern art.

While Ludwig Meidner sketched corpses the constructivist Naum Gabo continued his pre-war search for the perfect curved grid. Gabo's delicate snow-white abstraction sits uncomfortably on the edge of the show like a dove among crows. Unlike most of his co-exhibitors Gabo was taken up and sheltered by the English avant garde which is otherwise conspicuous by its absence here, both as an influence and as a support. Dominated by the polka French aesthetes championed by Roger Fry, British modernism stuck its silly, Bloomsbury nose in the air and ignored the tough German realism which dominates these proceedings.

Herman Fechenbach is still alive, still working in isolation, still in England. Why he was never allowed to become a great post-war political caricaturist only the wilful gods of exile know. Fechenbach's line is as sharp as a broadsword. It attacks the image of

Hitler like a guard-dog savaging a burglar.

The state of exile imposes aesthetic equality as drastically as it imposes the material variety. Interned on the Isle of Man in the ramshackle prison camp of Hutchinson Square, surrounded by barbed wire fences and jerry-built huts, the modernist architect Bruno Ahrendt dreamed up a scheme for a futuristic high-rise rebuilding of Douglas. He then proposed a series of tower-block seaside resorts for the bombed coastal towns. Ahrendt's hopeless modernist dreams are among the most poignant exhibits in an extremely poignant show.

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, who also arrived in Britain with a set of lofty Bauhaus ideals held firmly in his grasp, had to resort in the end to taking photographs of Elton schoolboys and illustrating The Streetmarkets of London.

But if Art in Exile's main ambition was to underline just how much great artistic talent was forced into Britain by the Nazis, it would, I think, have to be deemed unsuccessful. Schwitters is the only major artistic figure to play an important part in the show. Kukoachka, Heartfield, Gropius, Bruer, Moholy-Nagy make little more than token appearances.

Instead the organisers have deliberately concentrated on the lesser known artists and it is they who give Art in Exile its dark, mongrel air. Bits and pieces of achievement, whittled out of bits and pieces of career, have been raked out of the wartime rubble.



Fechenbach's caricature of Hitler, 1945.

Moholy-Nagy, Gropius, Gabo, Bruer were so dismayed by the lack of encouragement, they all moved on to America quickly to revolutionise architecture and design.

Others like Fechenbach and F. H. K. Henrich, whose belligerent, attention-grabbing posters are among the show's major rediscoveries, were either ignored, totally or diverted to academia, where they spluttered away, pleasantly but impotently.

Thus the final observation made by this dark and fertile show is not that much talent was saved, but that a great opportunity was wasted.

Art in Exile at the Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, London NW3, until October 5.

Driven to the arms of a devil

THEATRE by Michael Billington

ANY lingering suspicion that Alan Ayckbourn is a boulevard lightweight should be ruthlessly dispelled by *Woman in Mind* at the Vaudeville. It is about female frustration, despair, and madness and shows its heroine torn between reality and fantasy, God and the Devil. Yet, without trivialising its subject, it also manages to be very funny. Much improved since its Scarborough premiere last year, it goes even further than just Between Ourelves in pushing Ayckbourn's Comedy of Pain to its extremist limits.

Julie McKenzie plays (superbly) Susan, a middle-aged woman consumed by a blow on the head from a garden-rake. In the real world, she is tormented by the insufferable smugness of her vicar-husband, the lousy cooking and perma-normal enthusiasms of her sister-in-law, and the unbroken alliance of her son, who is part of a Trappist order in Hemel Hempstead.

After her concussion, she preys to visitations from a fantasy family for whom she is the perfect wife, mother, and sister. Britain's leading historical novelist and a cherished figure to be feted with Don Perignon 1978 in mid-morning. What makes the play technically adventurous and spiritually unnerving is that Ayckbourn allows the two worlds to collide as Susan finally spirals into total madness.

As our leading feminist dramatist, Ayckbourn is obviously writing about what happens to women when they are made to feel redundant as wives and mothers. "Sex", Susan says to her husband, "was once something we did together like gardening — now I have to do that on my own as well."

Much of the play's comedy springs from the vivid hideousness of Susan's surroundings: the unappealing husband who has neglected her for the sake of a 60-page history of the parish since 1386 and the appalling sister-in-law who sprinkles Earl Grey tea on the omelettes and who puts a visiting doctor to flight at the

prospect of her desert.

Ayckbourn is clearly writing about what drives women to distraction. But just as *Way Upstream* was a fable about evil, so this play, I believe, is really about the failings of modern religion. Susan's husband has turned the church into a specialised antiquarian interest. Her sister-in-law is the victim of psychic self-delusion and believes her dead husband is inscribing messages on her ceiling. And Susan's son represents a cranky, narcissistic sectarianism. Failed by God's representatives and Christian love, Susan literally flees into the arms of the Devil; and, although Ayckbourn is no Teilhard de Chardin, his play is quite astonishing in even airing spiritual issues on the degraded West End stage.

It is a much deeper play than it looks. It also works far better on a proscenium-stage than in-the-round because it is easier to establish the sheer otherness of Susan's alternative world: Roger Glossop's set and David Harony's lighting create a sinister-seductive, J. M. Barrie-ish ambience full of reeding poplars, marble statuary, Byzantine mazes. Ayckbourn's favourite set, a garden, turns from secret paradise into living nightmare.

Julie McKenzie also brings to Susan an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness, longing, hope, despair. Her face offers a total map of her emotions: one sees the light dim in her eyes as her son cruelly tells her she would have ruined any daughter as well. It is the performance of her career and she is admirably abetted by Martin Jarvis as the cardiganed vicar who talks in italics as if he has a portable pulpit and by Peter Blythe as the secretly admiring doctor who hides his emotions behind a guilty, nervous bary.

Maybe Ayckbourn (who directs with utter assurance) hasn't quite cracked the problem of the surreal climate. What is remarkable is that our most popular playwright has written a savage tragic-comedy about the light that failed.

A rich reward

SOMETHING rich and strange is currently taking place at the Drill Hall in Ckenies Street: a production by Tara Arts of The Broken Thigh, written in the 4th century BC by the Sanskrit playwright Bhasa and itself based upon the great Indian epic, the Mahabharata. In its epic form and non-realistic style, it offers a radical alternative to most of the theatre available in London. It is also, frankly, a good way of familiarising oneself with the story before the Peter Brook-Jean Claude Carriere version arrives in Britain next year.

For the average Western spectator it is not always easy in Bhasa's compressed version, the dynastic rivalry between the Kauraves and the Pandaves sometimes seems as inextricable as the York-Lancaster conflict in Shakespeare's Henry VI would be to many Indian audiences (a small genealogical chart in the programme might not be a bad idea). I also still have difficulty coming to terms with the figure of Krishna, who is both an all-knowing god full of wise saws ("A man lives a long life before realising the full extent of his dharm") and also someone who intervenes directly in the climactic war of destruction between the rival families. Fate determines the

outcome; but Krishna is not above giving the underdog a helping hand.

Jatinder Verma's production is worth seeing, however, partly because it is so different from our conventional expectations of drama: this is narrative theatre in which a story is told through language, action, dance and spectacle. The framework is provided by Krishna recounting to the child, Duryodhana, the story of the boy's militant father, Duryodhana, "the one who is difficult to conquer". Duryodhana is constantly at war with his cousins, the Pandaves. He strives with one of them for the hand of the beautiful Draupadi, sets up a game of dice in which he strips them of their fortune and brings about their 13-year exile in a forest and eventually provokes the destruction of the earth in a titanic, climactic battle.

In Western terms, it is closer to Homer than Euripides. But Verma's production is surprisingly successful in conveying the epic arch of the story in a simple setting: a stony circle ringed by hours (give or take the odd laurel) you are kept watching; above all, you are reminded that outside Western realism there is a world elsewhere.

WITH THE CONTRAS, by Christopher Dickey, Faber, £12.50.
TURNING THE TIDE, US INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA, by Noam Chomsky, Pluto, £5.95.

WHEN President Reagan addressed the nation recently to rally Congressional support for his \$100 million in open support for Nicaragua's contras he said on television: "I ask for your help in remembering our history in Central America so we can learn from the mistakes of the past. Too often our government appeared indifferent when democratic values were at risk. . . . The young men and women of the democratic resistance fight inside Nicaragua today in grueling mountain and jungle warfare. . . . Who among us would tell these brave young men and women — your dream is dead, your democratic revolution is over, you will never live in the free Nicaragua you fought so hard to build?"

President Reagan's speech-writers clearly haven't read Christopher Dickey's detailed and many account of the US relationship with these pathetic or crazed individuals.

Dickey was the Washington Post's correspondent in the area for nearly four years. In what seems like a strange fascination with the unheroic he spent much of his time with the contras in

Bankrupt in LA

By Clancy Sigal

LETTERS FROM HOLLYWOOD, by Michael Moorcock, with drawings by Michael Foreman (Horror, £10.95).

THE only travel writers I trust are those who travel creatively but temper like Paul Theroux or someone like Michael Moorcock who is running away from his troubles. Moorcock, a Guardian fiction prize winner and science fantasy writer, fled to Southern California to escape wives, lawsuits, bankruptcy and several other London afflictions.

In a series of letters to the writer J. O. Ballard, he complains, moans, groans, lacerates himself and others — and it's terrific entertainment for the reader because throughout he never loses his sharp, shrewd, angry and affectionate eye for the often weird, lucky places he has a genius for ending up in.

Moorcock seems to function best when his back is to the wall. An "imminent bankruptcy with two pairs of jeans and a cancelled credit card," like a loose tumbleweed he bounces around the unfashionable but most interesting parts of Los Angeles — San Fernando Valley, Venice beach, West Hollywood, where scuzz and ethnic end criminal and criminally ambitious mingle, sometimes violently, to create "the first real city of the future." (Quite correctly, he sees through San Francisco's waxen snobbery.)

While he's writing a script and watching a friend die, his self brain is soaking up LA's moddison, contradictory images: the street dogs howling in the night just before an earthquake, the police helicopters Vietnamising the city by constantly circling overhead, the commercial architecture that always turns out to be "authentic" copies not of something real but of a myth that was created originally in a Hollywood studio, the sun-blazed yet somehow comfortably wide streets that seem to end up in yet another version of someone else's fantasy. Moorcock loves LA partly because it exceeds his own most lurid nightmares and yet manages to be "a Midwesterner's dream of a true homeland" and . . . an extended

BOOKS

Thugs of war

By Victoria Brittain

Honduras. Man whose nicknames reveal their lives — Suicide and El Muerto — became his companions. Their records as murderers and torturers with no political ideas or plans are spelt out in appalling descriptive passages. Dickey even went into Nicaragua with them on a destructive foray which nearly cost him his life.

In Miami, Tegucigalpa and Washington, Dickey talked to the men who invented this war. He joined the CIA chief William Casey and his men on a lightning two day trip to their Central American domains.

Later, he listened to the baffled educated Nicaraguan frontmen whom Casey's executive had paid and flattered and lied to about the early success of their war. Talking about Suicide and his men the leaders of the contras would explain to Dickey that the terrible brutality and killings were a special case "something like My Lai". Dickey knows better — My Lai only symbolised the everyday horror of

Vietnam, and Suicide, before he was finally executed for his excesses, only symbolised the every day mindless horror of what was then called the "Secret War" in Central America.

Today it is a public war and the Congress's \$100 million is belied by another secret \$4 million from the CIA, according to the Senate Democratic leader Mark Byrd.

By the end of Dickey's narrative the reader is left baffled as to how the most powerful country in the world has allowed key plank of its foreign policy depend on such an ineffectual bunch of thugs.

Noam Chomsky's ambitious wide ranging book comes in where Dickey leaves off. He takes us into a fascinating and coherent picture not just Reagan's con in Nicaragua, but the far policy which underlies the destructive "aid" feeding sin unwinnable wars in Angola, Mozambique.

With a similar concern to P. D. Roagan's — of looking for US relations with all Central America — Chomsky concentrates particularly on the background the US backed wars in El Salvador and Nicaragua. With a wealth of detail, from US policy towards Chi Minh, to the CIA coup Guatemala in 1954, he illustrates the American pattern of turn their nationalist enemies into viet clients.

The blockade against Nicaragua like the US aid to Savimbi Angola, runs against US interests, pushing the country wards dependence on the Soviet Union but also, as Chomsky points out, in favour of a more import US interest which is "to justify attack against Nicaragua defence of the Fifth Freedom — US's freedom to rob and exploit" a key concept in Chomsky's thought.

Chomsky's book will not, I think, be as fashionable as Dickey's, but as a fashionable rock for those who enjoy mock the outrageous lies and limp perceptions of Reagan's Washington. But in spite of its dense pr it is rich reading for anyone trying to understand how the majority Congress came to collude with paying for squalid criminals mutilate and murder teachers, nurses, priests and other organising peasants in Nicaragua for the dreams of education, peace and the right to work for yours

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Hero of the joanna

By Norman Shrapnel

THE PIANOPLAYERS, by Anthony Burgess (Hutchinson, £8.95).

WITH muscels made out of almost anything to hand, Anthony Burgess — who better entitled, with three symphonies as well as 30 novels to his name? — reverses the process and turns music into words. (Not entirely: The Pianoplayers ends with a page or two of unaccompanied music score, which almost suggests that future Burgess students may need a keyboard and basic strings as part of their critical equipment.)

Nothing highbrow, though, about this new novel. It has hit on a brilliant theme, low and heroic at the same time. Pianoplayers — not to be confused with pianists, a superior but less exclusive performing breed — were the tireless, iron-fingered pros who thumped out the musical accompaniment in the old silent movie-house, unending Federwieses of a thousand down-town Gongs and Majestics. Superior cinemas had orchestras, but how could an orchestra respond with the necessary immediacy? As the pianoplayers hero remarks, they could still be tastefully rendering Mendelssohn's Spring Song when the prelude was covered with snow.

He is teaching his daughter the true art on the never-tuned fleepit joanna. "Here's a chord you can't do without — you use it for fight, burst dams, thunderstorms, the

voice of the Lord God, a wife telling her old man to bugger off out of the house and not come back never no more."

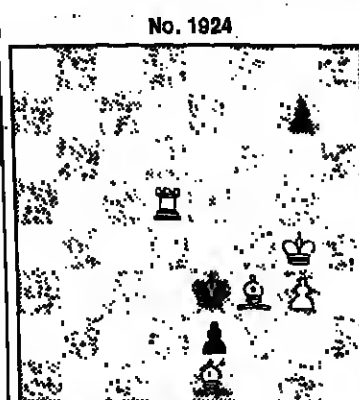
So far, never a wrong note. Another twist of the nostalgia peg? That, but more too. Burgess celebrates the memory of this rich, humble performing world better than anybody since Priestley. His air of light authority, *con amore* without ever cloying, exactly suits the material and the whole thing is kept alive by particularity — exact names, precise dates, essential professional equipment like those versatile stock chords: "CEG sharp, DFA sharp. Make it on any note, good for ghost music. Frankenstein, that sort of thing."

But the baddies, the dreaded Talkies, were dawning near — the Singing Fool, the backstage muscels, the canned voice of the new age. Almost overnight, the pianoplayers were dead. Literally in the case of Burgess's Billy, who passes away in a non-stop march in which all the tunes of his past life pass beneath his calloused fingertips. Monastery Garden, Bye Bye Blackbird, Ode to Joy with free variations, the lot.

What a way to go — end, you'd have thought, a natural ending for the novel too. But then Burgess does his best to spoil it all with an ill-fitting code relating the arts of music to those of love. If it's any consolation, the pianoplayer produces a grandson who turns out to be a famous pianist.

Chess

By Leonard Barden



White mates in four moves, against all defence (by V. Beje, 1979).

Solution No 1923:
White K at K3, Q at O4, R at O6 and K7, B at O82, N at K5 and K8, P at K64. Black K at K3, O at QN3, B at ON1 and ON8, N at OB1, P at O2 and KN3. Mate in two.
1 K-Q2 (threat 2 QxP) O-Q3 2 B-N3, or if N-Q3 2 O-K5, or if B-Q3 2 O-B4, or if P-N2 2 P-B5, or if P-Q3 2 O-K4.

IF THE young juniors who did so well at Lloyd Bank fulfil their promise and potential, Britain will have another generation of strong grandmasters in the 1990s. Michael Adams (5½/9) obtained his second IM norm at age 14 with a round to spare, and as in the British Championship looked already worth the title. In the very first round he outplayed the Indian No 2 Prasad, who has just become Commonwealth champion, in a game of impressive strategic and tactical control. Watch the white KRP and CB take command of the long diagonal, the dance of white's KR, and the final sacrificial attack.

Michael Adams (England)
— Devaki Prasad (India)
Sicilian, Schveningen
(Lloyd Bank 1986)

1 P-K4 P-Q4 2 N-K3 P-K3
3 P-Q4 P-P 4 N-P N-K3
5 N-Q3 P-Q3 6 P-K4 N-B3
7 P-N Q-Q2 8 B-K3 N-A3
9 P-KR4 P-K2 10 P-P P-P
11 Q-K3 B-Q2 12 Q-Q O-O
13 B-N2 B-QN8 14 N-N4 P-OR3
15 B-P N-B3 16 N-N4 Q-R4
17 N-N5-B3 N-N 18 N-B3
19 P-R4 P-N4 20 P-R4 Q-B5
21 R-R4 P-N4 22 N-K4 B-B4

Black seems to have active play for his pawn, but White combines attack with defence to increase his advantage.

35 B-B6 looks quicker: K-K1 36 N-B6 Q-R7 37 R-K4 ch KN N-B6 Q-O7 ch 38 O-Q6 ch K-N1 39 R-KR4 B-R2 40 P-N6 P-P 41 R-B1
36 O-R7 36 Q-K3 ch B-K3
37 O-B5 ch K-Q2 38 N-B8 ch K-B2
39 N-K4 ch R-N 40 B-P ch K-N2
41 O-N8 ch K-R1 42 Q-N ch K-R2
43 B-N8 ch Resigns

Dharshan Kumeran, aged 11 years 2 months and current world under-12 holder, totalled 4/9 including wins over two 1986 British Men's Championship players. Matthew Sedler, 12 years 3 months, scored 5½/9, missed the IM norm by half a point, drew with IM in his last four games, and achieved the youngest 2400 tournament rating performance in chess history. Willis Adams, as evidenced by the above game, is developing an all-court playing style in the mould of a junior Fischer. Sedler is a mini-Karpov or Petrosian who grinds opponents down and is tenacious under pressure.

Agdestein, at 19 the world's youngest GM and the first top class player over from Norway, wins here by



exploiting a curious queen's side traffic jam:

GM Simen Agdestein (Norway)
— GM Johann Hjartsson (Iceland)
OP, Bogolyubov variation
(Lloyd Bank 1986)

1 P-Q4 N-KB3 2 N-KB3 P-K3
3 P-B4 B-N8 ch 4 B-Q2 B-B ch
5 Q-NB P-Q4 6 Q-B2 Q-O
7 P-KN3 P-QN3 8 P-P P-P
9 R-B1 N-R3 10 B-N2 P-B4
11 Q-O B-N2 12 P-N3 Q-K2
13 KR-K1 KR-K1 14 Q-N2 B-N2
15 N-R4 P-N3 16 P-P P-P
17 P-QN4 P-B6 18 N-P P-N
19 B-B O-RN1 20 B-B R-P
21 Q-R3 N-N4 22 Q-R5 R-N1
23 N-B3 Q-B4 24 P-QR4 N-N5
25 R-KB1 P-QR3 26 P-N P-P
27 Q-R3 Q-B1 28 P-R3 N-B3
29 Q-R4 Resigns

Bridge

By Rixl Markus

THE basic reason for my admiration of Zie Mehmoud is that he plays bridge in a style similar to my own; while he is clearly more skillful and more successful, we speak the same language at the bridge table.

Here is an example of Zie's great skill and remarkable table presence. East dealt at love all.

NORTH
♦ 10 4 3
♥ J 3 2
♦ Q 7 5 4 2
—
WEST
♠ O 8 5
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 8 3
♣ K 10 8 5 2

SOUTH
♦ A K 2
♥ A K O 10 8
♦ A O 8 7 4
—

The bidding:
NORTH 2D Double 3D Double 5C(1) 6H
EAST 2C Double 4C Double 6S
SOUTH 2C Double 4C Double 6S
WEST 2C Double 4C Double 6S

(1) North made imaginative use of the opportunity to show his first-round control in a suit bid naturally by his partner; he could not possibly want to play in 5C once South had been doubled in 4C, and the inference was that he was cue-bidding with hearts as the agreed suit.

West showed a great deal of interest in the auction and asked for all kinds of explanations afterwards. This point did not pass unnoticed by Zie, who took full advantage of the inference in the play of his tricky end contract.

West led the eight of diamonds to the queen and king, and declarer ruffed and immediately ruffed a club in dummy. A spade to the ace, a club ruff, a spade to the king and another club ruff left the following position:

NORTH
♦ J 10
♥ J 7 5 4 2
♦ —
♣ —
WEST
♠ O 8 5
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 8 3
♣ K 10 8 5 2



Reading the situation correctly, Zie now ruled a diamond, drew the outstanding trumps in three rounds and exited with the two of spades, forcing West to win and return a club into South's tenace.

I played the following hand with Zie Mehmoud in the Madeira Bridge Festival. It is a good example of our simple but effective bidding style.

NORTH
♦ A K 8 5
♥ A J 9 8
♦ 8 2
♣ K O 3
WEST
♠ J 10 9 7 3
♥ K 10 8 5
♦ J 3
♣ J 5

SOUTH
♦ 4 3 2
♥ A K 10 9 8
♦ A 10 9 8 8
♣ —

NORTH 1NT
EAST 2C
SOUTH 3D
WEST 3D

West led the jack of spades against the excellent contract of 3C. I won in dummy, discarding a heart loser from my hand, and immediately cashed the ace and king of diamonds. A third spade ruff in hand was followed by another diamond ruff. By the jack and king of clubs, and I was then able to draw trumps and claim the rest of the tricks.

Strange as it may seem, this easy slam was missed at almost every other table, and all the pairs who were employing complicated along club systems found it difficult to progress beyond 3NT.

Lancastrian bidder for Botham

IAN BOTHAM'S former manager, eccentric millionaire entrepreneur Tim Hudson has made a surprise bid to take not only Botham but his friend and county colleague Viv Richards to Old Trafford in a deal involving £100,000 of Hudson's own money, writes Mike Selvey.

At the moment, Richards and the West Indian Test player Joel Garner, both Somerset players, have been told that their contracts with the county will not be renewed after this season, and Botham has said that if they go, then he is prepared to move as well.

And Hudson is ready to try to oust County Rhoades, the Lancashire club chairman, the past 22 years, to bring "the two greatest cricketers in the world" to Lancashire.

Hudson says he is prepared to offer both players £25,000 a year. Botham is said to be on a basic £16,000 at Somerset.

GOLF: David Davies on the European Open at Sunningdale

Extra cool Norman takes the title

THE natural order of things was emphatically restated at Sunningdale on Sunday when Greg Norman, the world's best golfer this year, won the Panasonic European Open. In an extraordinary play-off, Ken Brown was defeated, almost literally, by the sounds of silence.

Both men had finished 11-under-par, 278, and set off down the long first on the play-off. But Brown, birdie eventually with a six-foot birdie putt to take the affair further, lined it up, stood to the ball and was apparently about to hit it when he backed away. To Norman's astonishment he took a tiny chip for his third, which bounced away left, six feet from the hole.

Norman doubled up with laughter. "That, under the circumstances, was the most remarkable thing anyone has said to me on a golf course," he said later. "It was weird. I don't think you ever hear silence, not if you're concentrating properly."

In an afternoon full of dramatic golf, the play-off contributed its full share. If the little boy among the spectators wearing a green Masters visor had been at Augusta earlier this year he would have

recognised Norman's drive. It whistled off to the right, clattered into the trees and the Australian was fortunate that the ball finished on a trampled grass, with a clear shot to the green. He still had 240 yards to go, though, and needed a two iron which, the moment he hit it, brought gasps of astonishment from the spectators.

It bounced short, ran up and pulled to a halt 25 feet away. Brown, from the middle of the fairway, hit what looked like a good second that got no sort of bounce forward at all, leaving him a tiny chip for his third, which bounced away left, six feet from the hole.

Despite leaving the putt half an inch short, Brown was all smiles when he congratulated the man who is 95 places and some \$800,000 above him in the US money list. In that respect he has learned some important lessons in recent years and in the process won himself a lot of friends.

Norman took the first prize of £35,000 together with a bonus of £50,000 for winning the title while being the reigning Open champion.

CRICKET: Mike Selvey on the John Player League

Essex pocket last-gasp prize

BO, farewell then John Player. The John Player Special League, after 15 seasons, has finally burnt itself down to the filter and expired. The trophy had been claimed the previous week by Hampshire, so Sunday's last round of matches was all about sorting out the places and novelty money.

At stake was £9,500 for second place, £4,250 for third, and £2,400 for fourth. Essex duly took their earnings to £31,500 for the week when they rattled off a routine seven-wicket win against Glamorgan to take second place. Rather fittingly it was the captain Graham Gooch who did the damage, first with the ball — three for 25 as Glamorgan collapsed from 66 for one to 136 all out — and then hitting 81 in the Essex reply.

Touching, too, that Keith Fletcher should make the winning hit. The battle for third place took place at Trent Bridge between Nottinghamshire, who at one point led the table but who had not won since July 27.

And it was no better on Sunday as they were beaten by seven wickets. Northants made a steady start through Wayne Lorkine and Robert Bailey, but were restricted by the Nottinghamshire captain Clive Rice, who took four for 33, the fifth time he has taken four this season, a feat which earns him a bonus of £400. Nottingham, too, made a good start in pursuit of the 180 needed to win, and with Paul Johnson scoring 79, made it with 15 balls to spare.

Northants were squeezed out of fourth place by Sussex, whose 15-run win at Edgbaston put them level on points with six away wins against Northants' two. They can then a third wicket stand of 117 by Imran Khan (89) and Paul Parker (51) for their total of 216 for six, which in spite of the efforts of Alvin Kalichharran (44) and Dennis Amis (34), proved too much.

Surrey made up for their loss against Hampshire the previous week by beating Leicestershire by two wickets in a low-scoring game at the Oval, while the new champions hammered Lancashire by eight wickets, with Kevin James taking four for 23.

There were 477 sixes hit this year, 23 less than last, and the 2400 prize for the most by an individual went to Ian Botham who hit 28, eight more than his (ex) teammate Viv Richards. The £250 for the fastest batsman 50 — an ironic award given that one reason for John Player's withdrawal is the reduction in television time — is shared jointly by Clive Radley and Colin Wells, who both took 49 balls.

County Cricket Championship

Essex (4)	P	W	L	D	N	P	pts
Gloucestershire (3)	24	9	3	12	50	48	258
Nottinghamshire (3)	24	7	2	14	55	76	243
Worcestershire (3)	24	7	1	16	52	72	242
Hampshire (3)	24	7	1	16	54	69	236
Surrey (4)	24	7	1	16	51	64	228
Lancashire (3)	24	6	1	17	52	64	231
Kent (4)	23	6	1	16	47	78	187
Yorkshire (3)	24	6	1	17	52	65	183
Northamptonshire (3)	24	6	1	17	51	60	187
Derbyshire (3)	24	6	1	17	42	71	176
Leicestershire (3)	24	6	1	17	40	67	170
Warwickshire (3)	24	6	1	17	42	67	170
Sussex (3)	24	4	1	19	42	59	159
Lancashire (4)	23	4	1	18	41	61	156
Surrey (4)	23	4	1	18	42	58	152
Glamorgan (3)	24	1	1	22	38	47	102

1986 positions in brackets.

Yorkshire total includes eight points from a drawn match in which the scores finished level while they were batting.

SOCCER: David Lacey — Nottingham Forest 6, Aston Villa 0

Serving up a refreshing Forest picnic

THOSE critics rushing to condemn the 1986-7 football season as unworthy of their labours should at least reserve judgment until they have watched Nottingham Forest, the new First Division leaders. If they still feel the same then it will have to be concluded that it is the critics who need to be revitalised, not the game.

Having seen Forest dispatches of Charlton 4-0, win a marvellous game at West Ham 2-1 and on Saturday crush an enfeebled Aston Villa 8-0, following which Villa dismissed their manager, Graham Turner, it is not difficult to reach the conclusion that Brian Clough's latest team are the most refreshing side to the League since Malcolm Allison's Manchester City won the title in 1968.

In Forest there is the same spread of youthful innovation backed by a solid core of experience, and the same delight in doing the basic things well. Neil Webb, Nigel Clough, Gary Birtles and Johnny Metgod know, even as they receive the ball, what they are going to do with it. When you watch Forest you realise that turning with the ball, making space, and threading a pass through the narrowest of gaps is not an art lost to the English game.

Villa were consistently undone by a fast-medium attack, had no answer to the one that goes away into — Carr — the one that nips

back — Clough — and looked vulnerable to football's equivalent of the straight ball, namely long clearance from the opposing goalkeeper.

Forest and Villa are the only clubs to have broken Merseyside's stranglehold on the League championship since 1975, and each have won the European Cup in the process. There the similarities end. As that as they Villa, suffering from a mixture of evils — injuries, loss of form, loss of confidence — are already in danger of going the way of West Bromwich Albion last season. Albion's defence caved in during the autumn, and relegation followed.

On Saturday Villa's defence could hardly have recognised themselves from the descriptions in the Forest programme — "veritable sea of defence", "talented young full-back", "key figure", "and so on. Steve Hodge "needed no introduction". Quite so, since he had been dropped following a transfer request.

This is surely the difference between Clough and most of his contemporaries. Had Hodge entertained such thoughts while he was still at Forest than far from playing for England in Stockholm, where they lost 1-0, he would have been lucky to watch the highlights on television.

From the moment the Villa defence stood and watched Carr score in the sixth minute, it became a matter of how many Forest would get. Poor Paul Elliott, the centre-back signed from Luton last season for £400,000, suffered an afternoon of fate's practical jokes. He gave away the second goal by falling over as he went to intercept a centre, and in the second half nearly gave away another after a clearance upfield from Sutton had bounced off the back of his head.

Two minutes earlier a high punt from Sutton had found Nigel Clough straggling past the Villa back four. Evans did well to get in a tackle, but Birtles simply collected the loose ball to score Forest's fifth.

If we cannot defend from kick-outs by the goalkeeper, from throw-ins and from free kicks,

SOCCER RESULTS

FOOTBALL LEAGUE FIRST DIVISION: Coventry 3, Newcastle 0; Liverpool 3, Chelsea 0; Luton 0, Arsenal 0; Manchester United 5, Southampton 1; Norwich 1, Watford 3; Nottm F 6, Aston Villa 0; Oxford 0, Manchester C 0; QPR 2, West Ham 3; Sheffield W 2, Leicester 2; Tottenham 1, Chelsea 1; Wimbledon 1, Everton 0. Leading positions: 1. Nottingham (pt, pt); 2. Liverpool (pt, pt); 3. Everton (pt, pt); 4. Manchester United (pt, pt); 5. Southampton (pt, pt); 6. Norwich (pt, pt); 7. Watford (pt, pt); 8. Oxford (pt, pt); 9. Sheffield W (pt, pt); 10. Tottenham (pt, pt); 11. Chelsea (pt, pt); 12. Wimbledon (pt, pt); 13. Luton (pt, pt); 14. Arsenal (pt, pt); 15. Coventry (pt, pt); 16. Newcastle (pt, pt); 17. Aston Villa (pt, pt); 18. QPR (pt, pt); 19. West Ham (pt, pt); 20. Leicester (pt, pt); 21. Manchester City (pt, pt); 22. Cardiff (pt, pt); 23. Barnsley (pt, pt); 24. Millwall (pt, pt); 25. Middlesbrough (pt, pt); 26. Huddersfield (pt, pt); 27. Burnley (pt, pt); 28. Bury (pt, pt); 29. Rotherham (pt, pt); 30. Sheffield F (pt, pt); 31. Peterborough (pt, pt); 32. Exeter (pt, pt); 33. Yeovil (pt, pt); 34. Walsley (pt, pt); 35. Torquay (pt, pt); 36. Dagenham (pt, pt); 37. Grays (pt, pt); 38. Woking (pt, pt); 39. Maidstone (pt, pt); 40. Southend (pt, pt); 41. Luton (pt, pt); 42. Notts F (pt, pt); 43. Mansfield (pt, pt); 44. Hartlepool (pt, pt); 45. Colchester (pt, pt); 46. Stevenage (pt, pt); 47. Braintree (pt, pt); 48. Hemel Hempstead (pt, pt); 49. Slough (pt, pt); 50. Boreham Wood (pt, pt); 51. Havant (pt, pt); 52. Wokingham (pt, pt); 53. Farnham (pt, pt); 54. Dorking (pt, pt); 55. Epsom (pt, pt); 56. Dagenham (pt, pt); 57. Thurrock (pt, pt); 58. Ebbsfleet (pt, pt); 59. Maidstone (pt, pt); 60. Dover (pt, pt); 61. Margate (pt, pt); 62. Ramsgate (pt, pt); 63. Dover (pt, pt); 64. Margate (pt, pt); 65. Ramsgate (pt, pt); 66. Dover (pt, pt); 67. Margate (pt, pt); 68. Ramsgate (pt, pt); 69. Dover (pt, pt); 70. Margate (pt, pt); 71. Ramsgate (pt, pt); 72. Dover (pt, pt); 73. 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